

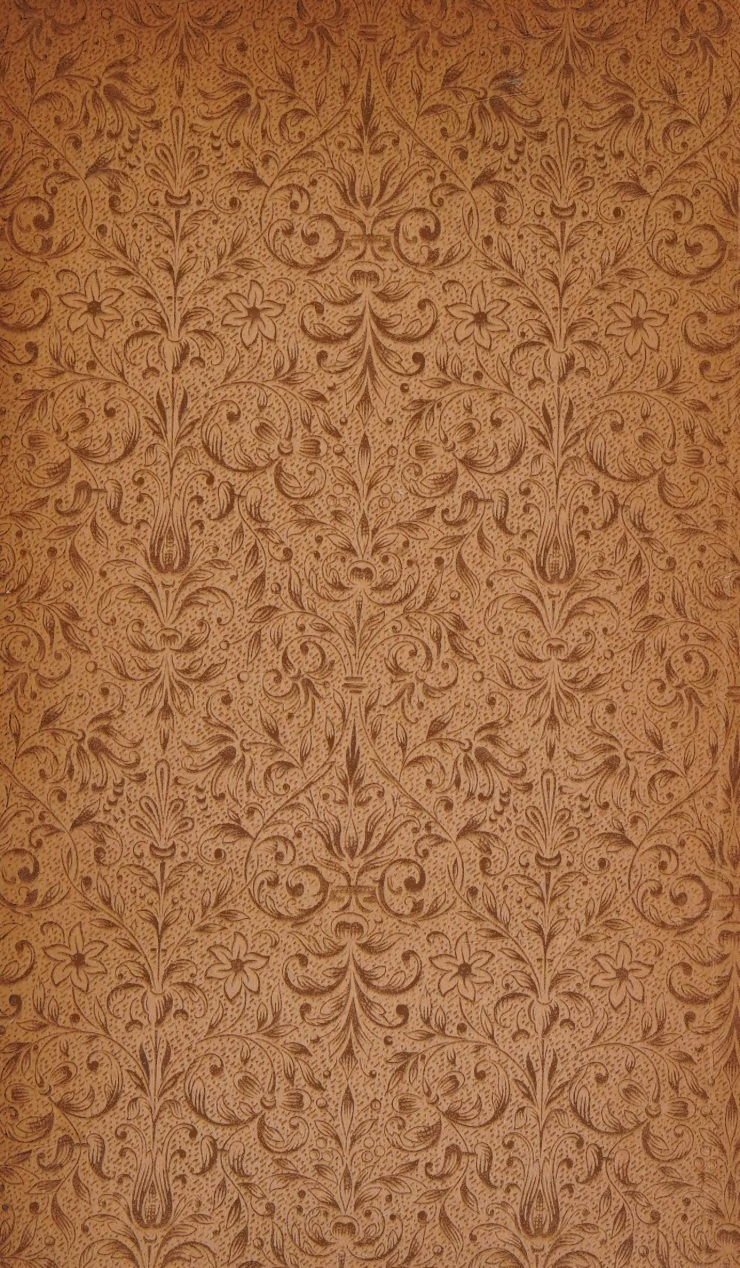


Ned Lee

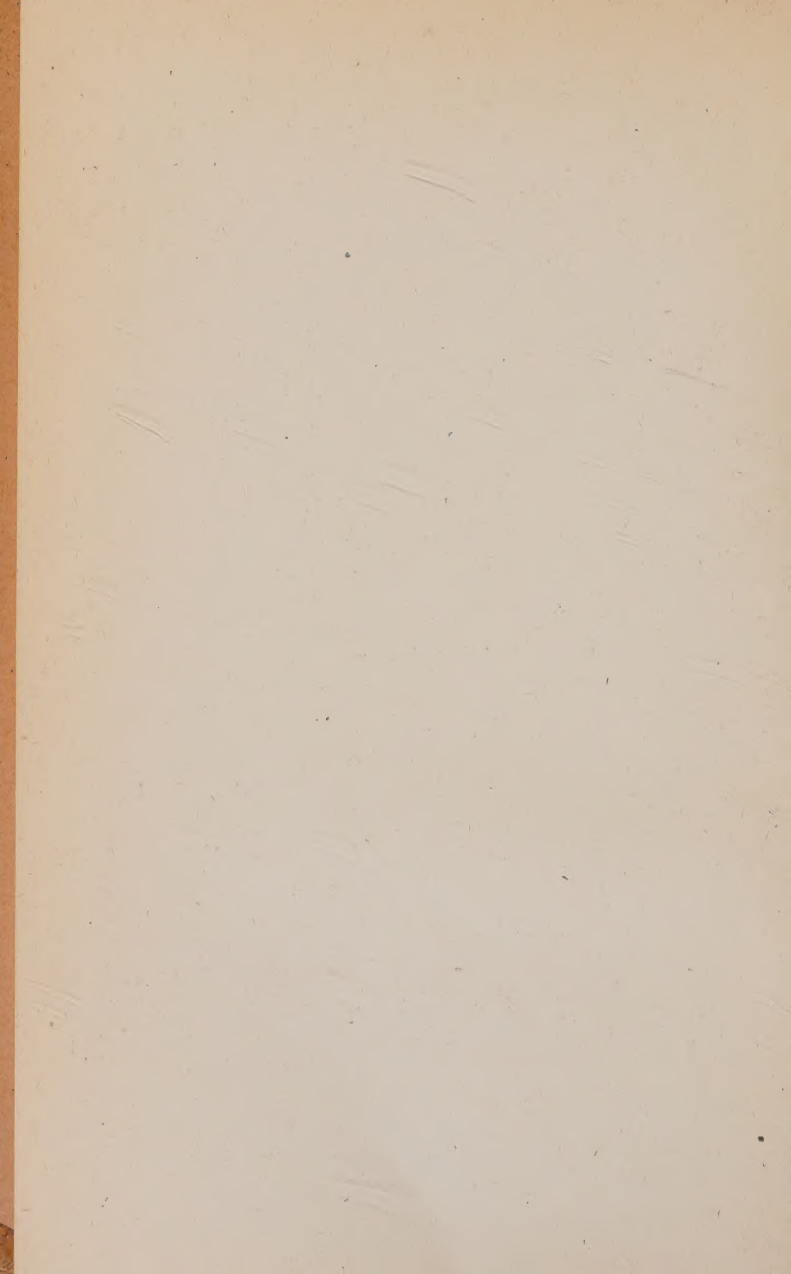


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Edward Lee

- - PRISON, - -
CAMP AND PULPIT.

THE LIFE OF A
CITY MISSIONARY
IN THE SLUMS.

TALKS AND TRAMPS HERE AND THERE,
BY EDWARD LEE,
OF OSWEGO, N. Y.

THE RECORD OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE.

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OSWEGO, N. Y.
EDITED BY CHARLES DUNNING CLARK.

R. J. OLIPHANT, PRINTER AND STATIONER.
1889.



TO MR. AND MRS. CHARLES E. RANCOUR,

OF ALBANY, N. Y.,

Who were friends when I needed friends,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY

EDWARD LEE.

PREFACE.

This little work is the history of Ned Lee, City Missionary, and is taken by the editor as it fell from his lips. The desire of Mr. Lee that "polish" and "finish" should be given to his words, is "respectfully declined" by me. Ned Lee *polished*, would not be Ned Lee. But Ned Lee, the City Missionary, as he appears in his daily walks and talks, as he lays his kind hand on the shoulder of the erring, tells them to "Hold the Fort," and speaks to them in language which they can understand, is the Ned Lee we know and admire. To attempt to *polish* this rough diamond would be useless labor, and would spoil him. Therefore, in this little book, he gives his story in his own peculiar dialect, and there is a charm about it to those who know him best. He does not desire to cover or conceal the errors of his early years, but gives them here to show to all what a man can do, who earnestly and zealously labors to reform, and take a place which he has justly

earned. Those who know and love him will forgive his little forms of speech and take pleasure in them, as much, perhaps, as I have taken in inditing the simple story of his struggles before he was able, at last, to "Hold the Fort."

C. D. C.



CHAPTER I.

I INTRODUCE MYSELF—WHY THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN—MY
FIRST DAYS IN OSWEGO—ADVENTURES IN PORT HURON.

I have often been asked the question by good friends—why don't you write your life? My answer has been, generally, that while I had, perhaps, the gift of talking to a certain kind of audience with good effect, and fair success, I am not an author, and have not the art sufficient to write the story of my somewhat eventful life.

To this they always answered: That there was a lesson in my life which might preach a sermon to many, who, like myself, had been brought up amid surroundings that almost certainly lead to evil; and that the reformation of such a man is something novel in its way. More in deference to the wishes of these dear friends than from any desire of my own, I have concluded to tell the story of my life, in my

plain way, and if any good comes of it, I shall be thankful.

To begin at the beginning—I was born in 1846, May 2d, in the First Ward of the city of Oswego, N. Y. Oswego people know the section well, especially the locality where I was born and reared—"The Flats." There is no portion of the town which has sent out half so many toughs, or been the birthplace of so much riot, confusion and crime. People in other parts of the town have fancifully named Seneca street, near which I was born, "The Dead Line," because there was a time when no officer of the law, or respectable person from another ward, dared to cross it after nightfall; and, if he did, it was at his own peril.

Water street, in the days when Oswego was one of the most thriving ports along the lakes, was a busy mart. It was crowded with sailors, night and day. Every other building was a dance house or saloon, and people who pass through the street now can read upon the old buildings the faded signs which tell of gone-by revels. With the advent of railroads, and the subsequent decay of the shipping interests of Oswego, this street lost its glory, and in my time was only filled with tumble-down rookeries,

as it is to-day. The population is a strange mixture of all nations, and it was in such surroundings that I first saw the light.

My father was a Scotchman, and my mother of Irish descent. My father died when I was five years old, and, shortly after, my mother passed away, and I was taken into the family of Edward Degen, and took his name; and, after a time, it was forgotten that I had ever known any other. To this day, many people believe that Edward Lee is an assumed name, when it is, in fact, the only name to which I have a legal right. I was put into a family where there were two girls and a boy—Kate, Mary and James Degen. They never knew that I had no right to the name of Degen, and thought me one of them. I was treated as one of the family, and as well as the children of the poor can be treated, but I was allowed to run wild, and was more upon the river than any where else. The place where we lived was known as the Murray block, which was afterward burned, and the site was occupied by a large hotel, which was in turn consumed, and the building replaced by Wright & Boyle's factory. It was a tough place, containing many good, honest people, but more of the other

kind, and hardly the place to educate a boy, who was, perhaps, naturally inclined to go a crooked path.

I used to have a boat upon the river, and to work in association with Captains "Jack" and "Bill" Preston in ferrying people across to the East side. I remember that M. J. Cummings, at that time, kept a junk shop in the upper part of an old building south of the Northwestern Elevator, and one of my early pranks was to roll a coil of rope out of his shop on to the wharf, in the rear, and then bring it back to sell to him. He bought it and paid for it, and it was some time before he caught the trick. About that time we were driven out of the Murray block by fire, and a large building was being put up on the site; and the boys used to vie with each other in seeing who could smash most windows. I was in it, of course, and, doubtless, got my full share of the windows. But the result was that there was a warrant out for my arrest, and Officer Betts undertook to serve it. He got sight of me, and then came my first race with the police. He was a pretty good runner, and I saw that capture was certain if something was not done, so I let him come up on me, and then dropped



suddenly in front of him, and he fell over me, barking his hands badly, and I got away. It was my first introduction to the police, although they were beginning to know me as a lad who needed watching. I ran away and hid in a swamp west of Sheldon's Point, the low ground near the works of the Oswego Manufacturing Company. After the affair had blown over, I came back home.

About this time I became acquainted with a young fellow who afterward led me into much evil. His name was Michael Higgins, and he was an assistant in a saloon and bowling alley under the block now occupied by the Guimaraes block. He suggested to me to break out a pane of glass in the rear of the building, and he would pass cigars and liquor out of the window. I was too young to understand the evil, and readily consented. We stole a quantity of liquor and cigars, and took them down among the lumber piles on the wharves and disposed of them. About that time the police got on to Higgins, and, being his associate, naturally enough they concluded I was no better, and they were after me. At that time a line of propellers (The N. T. Co.) ran from Chicago to Cape Vincent, stopping at Oswego on their way. I made

up my mind that Oswego was not a place in which a boy of my size could enjoy himself, and concluded to get out of it. Every one in Oswego knows Frank Moran, the cartman. At that time he was a big, good-natured fellow, and had a boat on the river. The officers were following me close, and Frank took me in his boat and ordered me to lie down on the bottom, and when the propeller Maine swung out into the river, I crawled aboard forward and hid. When the propeller got to the Welland Canal I quit her, and a short time after came back.

But I could not be quiet. One trick we had was to stretch a cord across the street to trip people up, and, with my usual good luck, the first man I caught was a policeman. I got into another scrape soon after my return, and was sent to the House of Refuge at Rochester, where I staid about one year. Shortly after my return I got into a little trouble—nothing of much consequence, but enough to make me wish to change my residence—and I got aboard the old barque Norman, on which Captain Johnson was first mate. I stowed away, of course, with the help of the crew, and the captain did not know I was aboard until we were well out in the lake.

I have struck a good many tough gangs, but seldom met one to equal that on board the Norman. It was just the kind of crowd to finish the criminal education of such a boy as I was. The man I knew best in the crew went by the name of "Paddy Shovel," and he was the one who helped hide me. The Captain was going to put me ashore, but I stowed away again, and came out when we got to the Welland Canal.

At Port Huron we had a head wind, and put in there for shelter, and one of the crew gave me a counterfeit ten-dollar note, and sent me ashore to get whisky. I didn't know it was counterfeit, but, probably as I felt then, should have passed it just the same. The man changed the bill and gave me the liquor, and I started back. I had not been gone long before the man discovered the nature of the bill, and took after me with a dog, and ran me all the way to the vessel, and I tumbled down into the forecastle with man and dog in close pursuit. The man, evidently, didn't know that the forecastle is the sailor's city of refuge, and no one, not even the Captain, has a right to intrude there. The crew pitched into him with bootjacks, and drove man and dog ashore. We went out that night

and stole chickens and had a feast. Next day the Captain told me to go to Port Huron, and get some "slush"—the grease used on spars to make the yards and booms move up or down easily. I did not care to go back to Port Huron so soon after the counterfeit bill had been passed, but it wasn't safe to refuse when the "old man" wanted me to go. I got the slush all right, and started back. On the way to the vessel I had to pass through a piece of woods, and there I met two officers. I put on a bold face and marched ahead, and they stopped me and wanted to know if I belonged to the Norman. I told them no—I was on a schooner which lay above. They seemed to suspect that I was lying, but let me go, and I kept on. But, a sly glance over my shoulder convinced me that the officers were watching, and I kept on past the Norman. The Captain bawled at me to come aboard, but I dared not acknowledge that I knew him just then, and I went on board the schooner, and sent the slush back by one of the hands, for it would not do for me to show on board the Norman just then. I stowed away again, and kept hid, until the Norman was ready to sail. Then I sneaked aboard and kept out of sight. There was a

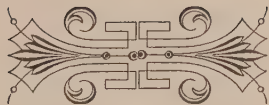
place down in the forecastle, where Paddy Shovel had raised a board, and I got in and hid in the chain locker, and crawled away among the salt in the hold. While I was there the officers came aboard and searched the barque, but they didn't find me, and when we got out of Port Huron I was still in the hold.

About twelve o'clock that night I got as big a scare as I ever had in my life. A vessel ran into us in the dark and I thought we were going to the bottom. She struck us forward and where I was I got the full benefit of the collision. We were left a wreck, and the vessel which did the damage held on her course and we never knew what ship it was. Her captain was probably afraid we would make a claim against her owners for the damages, and so kept out of the way. A propeller picked us up and gave us a tow, and we got to Chicago in bad shape. We went above the Wells Street bridge, and as I had no claim for wages, being only a stowaway, I went to the house of a man named Bill Stain, who kept a sailors boarding house on North Water Street, a mighty tough locality. He was a brother-in-law of Mick Higgins, the boy who gave me my first lesson in crime. I met Mick there, as he too had found Oswego too hot to hold

him and had emigrated. He had a Michigan fellow with him and two very fly fellows from the North side. The men called Mick and myself "Kids" as we were young fellows, and it meant with them that we were to do the dirty work and they would kindly take care of what we got. Roberts, the Michigan crook, undertook to post us what to do and he was a past master in criminal matter. The first lesson he gave us was to take us to pawn shops, and while he engaged the attention of the owner of the store, we were to "lift" anything we could get our hands on. It is no wonder, with such teachers, that we became adepts in shoplifting. We stole an odd variety of goods, jewelry, silks, laces—anything we could get hold of; and we had a room well stocked with goods at Bill Stain's house.

We followed this occupation for about a month, and then the detectives got on to us—it is only a question of time with them—and soon after detective Hickey gobbled a lot of us and chucked us into the old Chicago jail. Higgins and I were sent to the house of refuge, seven miles up the lake. On the way we formed a plan of escape, which worked very well for Roberts, but didn't do me any good. That's

the way with these things generally—the scape-goat gets the worst of every deal. I have noticed this in all my experience of criminal life, that, as a rule, the one least to blame gets the worst of it. I was handcuffed to Roberts, who was booked for Joliet, and on the way we slipped the handcuffs and ran for it. Roberts got away, but I was run down and recaptured.



CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST ESCAPE FROM PRISON—BURGLARY IN MILWAUKEE—
SHAUGHNESSY THE DETECTIVE—BACK TO CHICAGO.

Any one who has had experience of a house of refuge is perfectly well aware that life there is not a bed of roses. It did not take me long to find that out, and, having had a year's experience of the refuge at Rochester, I was fully determined not to stay there any longer than I was obliged to. In this refuge we slept in long dormitories, which had beds arranged in rows. I was getting pretty "fly" by this time, and the first time the gate was open I made a dash for liberty, and actually got away at the first trial. They were a little careless on account of my youth.

I ran every step of the way to Chicago, and hurried down to the docks. That was always my refuge when the hounds were after me, and it was natural, too, for a young fellow born and

bred in a port to look to sailors for sympathy and help—and they were pretty sure to get it. Sailors may be tough, but they have kind hearts and are always ready to do something for a shipmate in distress. When I got among the docks I saw the old schooner Delos DeWolf, of Oswego, and it almost seemed that I had got home. A man named Taylor, who was steward on the schooner, stowed me away in the hold, and I staid there one day, but did not want my kind friend to get into trouble on my account, so I went to the house of an old woman named Goggins, who was keeping a boarding house for sailors. She used to live in Oswego, and had the name of “The Queen of the Flats” there. She kept me a few days, and then, being afraid that the detectives would drop on me, I skipped for Milwaukee.

I had not fairly got there before I struck a man who wanted to use me for his own purposes, a fellow who posed as a sailor, but was in fact a crook and sport. The name he sailed under was Harry Starks, and he put up in a house which went by the name of the “Live Oak,” on Main street. It was kept by Jim Hayden, of New Orleans, and he took me in and gave me a home, but that meant I must get to “work” as soon as

possible. Starks soon found a crib to crack, a wholesale clothing house. There was a clerk sleeping in the back part of the store, but we didn't know it. My part of the work was the dangerous end, of course—to go into the store and fill a bag with pieces of silk and hand them out to Starks. I filled one bag and gave it to him and he lit out with it, and I went back for more. About that time the clerk awoke and began to yell “murder” and “thieves,” and I went out of that on the double-quick and got back to the “Live Oak,” where Starks had arrived before me with the goods.

We did not know it then, but the detectives were watching us close, and one day when I was sitting on a table in the “Live Oak,” Detective Shaughnessy walked in and said he wanted me, and of course I had to go with him. It was no use “kicking,” and I went quietly. He shoved me into jail, and kept me there a month, and every day or two he would come in and talk to me, and try to make me give up my pals. But there is honor even in boys engaged in a bad calling, and I would not do it, and declared that I did not know what he was talking about, and asserted my innocence in the strongest terms. When he took me before the grand

jury he wanted me to plead guilty, but I only told him if he had anything against me to prove it, for I was not going to help him out in it. They really did not have any proof against me, and the end of it was, they had to let me go.

Shaughnessy always had it in for me, because I baffled him, and was determined to run me down, and from that time he was on my track, like a hound, and always waiting for a chance to get "hunk" with me. What made him madder was, that they didn't get the goods we had stolen. I found out afterward that Hayden had a small schooner, which was apparently engaged in honest trade, and he had put the goods on board, and sent them away to a safe place. When I came back I got a good deal of praise for not "giving anything away," and the good opinion they had formed of me rather confirmed me in the sort of life I was leading. At the same time, it was thought best for me to get out of Milwaukee, for the time being, and I went to Cheboygan, Mich. I don't know what course I might have taken after that, but I got an idea that the "cops" were after me, and went to Manitowoc, and there, sure enough, I found that man Shaughnessy on my heels. I doubled on him, and went back to Milwaukee

on a steamer, and put up at Hayden's for a week, and then, in order to get Shaughnessy off my track, I went back to Chicago, and from there to Toledo, Ohio, where I started in on a new course of crime.



CHAPTER III.

CON. TUBBS' RACKET—PLAYING DUMMY TO GET INTO HOUSES
—HUNTED BY DETECTIVES—I ENLIST IN THE NAVY.

At Toledo I struck a man who went by the name of "Con. Tubbs." He was a crook of the first magnitude, and his racket was to play deaf and dumb in order to get into houses by working upon the sympathy of good people and then get up in the night and rob the house. It was a dirty sort of trickery and I never liked it, and yet it was worth something to see this fellow work. He could play "dummy" better than any man I ever saw and no trick could startle him into betraying himself. He asked me to go with him into the country and play the game, and I was just wild and reckless enough not to care what I did, and I acceded to the proposition. I did not show up any where around the house that he had spotted until night, and when he had got in I would sneak up and he would

pass his booty out to me. About the meanest work I ever did was that which was done in company with this fellow, and I had the grace to be ashamed of it, even while I was doing it. That kind of business soon gets abroad and after we had gone through two or three places they got after us, and we broke for Cleveland and got refuge in the house of a man named Harry Jones, a friend of Con's. After things quieted down a little we went to Erie, Pennsylvania, and being short of funds started out in the country to work Con's old scheme. We soon made the country too hot for us, and the farmers got together with horses and dogs and ran Con into a woods and took him. They tied him hand and foot and carted him to Erie, and by great good luck I managed to get away, taking all the swag with me, about \$300. I never heard to this day what became of Tubbs and was really glad to be able to shake him. I had plenty of money for the time, but it is easy come easy go with ill-earned cash and I could not expect to keep it long.

I have heard it said that to such a boy as I was there was something very enticing about a great city, and, certainly, I felt so about the places where I had done the most bad work,

Chicago and Milwaukee. They were spider webs to me, and I was the fly—not quite so innocent as I might be—continually buzzing about them. Something drove me back to Chicago, but I avoided the North Side, where I was too well-known for comfort, and got over on the West Side of the city.

It was a new community to me, but in no way better than my old haunts. I began to chum with a man known as Tom Rawlins, but as most of the names of these crooks are assumed, names don't amount to much. Association with him got me into trouble, as usual, and the detectives being on the track of some crime, I was "pulled" on suspicion. For once I was innocent, and pulled through without doing time. But the Chicago detectives always made my life uneasy, and I pulled out again, and went to St. Catherines, on the Welland Canal, but I couldn't stay there. Life was too dull in the quiet, little Canadian town, and in the winter of 1862 I went back to Chicago.

You may say that so far I had had a varied criminal experience for so young a lad. I was between sixteen and seventeen years of age, a mere boy, with fresh, rosy cheeks; but I was beginning to feel like Ishmael—"his hand

against every man, and every man's hand against him." The detectives had hounded and hunted me until I was getting desperate, and I can safely say that, while many had conspired to drive me to the wall, no one had ever tried to reform me.

I staid in Chicago until March 2, 1862, when, naturally enough, I got into trouble again, and was arrested. I began to get tired of this kind of life, and would have done anything to get away from it. The war was then going on, and the recruiting officers were looking for men. The government had established a naval recruiting station at Chicago, in charge of Captain Ottenger, and they were not too particular as to the kind of recruits they got, as long as they came in all right. Ottenger came to me, as I lay in jail, and wished to know if I wanted to go South in the navy. I told him that I had been on vessels, which was true so far as this—that I generally sneaked to a vessel when I wanted to hide, though so much of my time was spent in the hold that I didn't have the chance, if I had the inclination, to learn much of a sailor's life. But, as I said before, Captain Ottenger was not particular, and I was shipped to New York, to the navy barracks there. I

was rated as an ordinary seaman, and was glad of the opportunity to turn my back on Chicago, for a while, even if I had to do some fighting. I am coming now to a part of my life at which I can look with pride, because I did honest service to my country, and did my share, young as I was, to put down the rebellion. No matter how I got in, I did my part fairly well, and have no reason to be ashamed of it.



CHAPTER IV.

SENT TO HATTERAS—SERVICE IN THE NAVY—MUTINY AND A PRISON IN THE CASEMATES—BACK TO OSWEGO—FUN WITH THE PROVOST MARSHAL—BACK IN THE ARMY—CAPTURED BY REBELS.

I was received at New York and sent on board the old steamer "Pioneer," and we soon knew that we were to take part in the Burnside expedition to Hatteras. The Pioneer, an old North river boat, had been fitted up as a gun boat, the Government having purchased a number of steamers and turned them into war vessels. They were never designed for it, but it was the only resort, for there was no time to build ships. There was a good deal of delay in getting off and when finally we got to Hatteras Inlet, it was in possession of the Yankees. Our agreement with the recruiting officers was, that while we wore the uniform of a sailor, we should consent to do guard duty on shore and for that we were to receive \$13 a month from the pay-

master and \$5 from the quartermaster—performing double duty in fact. We had lively work to do and I shall always remember it with pride. We fought at Roanoke Island, Elizabeth City and up the Neuce river to Newbern in North Carolina. From there we went to take part in the capture of Fort Macon and of Beaufort, South Carolina.

Then trouble came to me again, but this time it was not of my seeking, and wasn't deserved. We had served nine months without pay, and when, finally, the paymaster did get there, we were cheated out of the \$5 promised us from the Quartermaster's department. That made something very much like a mutiny among the sailors. We mustered and hoisted a blue shirt at the mast head, and made an agreement together to refuse to obey orders until we got our pay. Then the signals were sent up to the fleet, and they bore down on the Pioneer from every side, and the steamers got in line to blow us out of the water, and we gave up, but still refused to obey orders unless we got our pay. I was one of sixty-four men who were put in the casemates at Fort Macon. No prison could be darker or more dismal than the casemate of a fort, and the men who put us there knew they

had done us wrong; had cheated and deceived us, and had no right to keep us shut up. Their only way was to keep us from communicating with the outside world as long as possible. But, the boys outside, "the boys in blue," had sympathy for us, and did all they could for us. One of Hawkins' Zouaves was there, and smuggled in candles and stationery, for the officers intended to leave us there in the dark until we knocked under. But we didn't intend to do anything of the kind. Having a light, it was easy to draw up a petition addressed to the department, setting forth the manner in which we had been treated. Our friend outside took charge of the petition, and it got through safe to Washington, and when "Old Abe" got it he made short work of the matter. An officer was sent to Fort Macon to investigate, and the case was so clear that there could be no question about it. We were released from the casemate and paid off, and the officers who had been guilty of robbing us were dismissed from the service in disgrace.

By this time I had begun to like life in the service very well, and, after the casemates, it was paradise. I was sent on board the revenue cutter *Forward*, of Philadelphia, which re-

mained at Beaufort doing blockade duty. We were kept constantly on the alert by reports that the rebel rams were coming down the bay, and, what with night alarms and trouble with the rebs generally, we were kept very busy. I am proud to say that I was happier here, in the midst of danger, than I ever was in my criminal life in Chicago. Of course we grumbled ; did you ever know a sailor who did not ? —and probably, at the time, he is thoroughly satisfied with his ship and his officers, and would not change them if he got a chance. My term of service expired here, and I was discharged, and went back to Newbern, and thence by steamer to New York, and back to Oswego. I was still a mere boy, only about nineteen years old, but my reputation had gone before me, and I was under surveillance. They did not know that I had an honorable discharge at the provost marshal's office. It was in the Grant block, and I soon found that I was still watched by a number of curious people, who wanted to arrest me, supposing I had deserted ; and I was just boy enough to want to bother them, instead of showing my discharge, as I might have done.

The result was that they were after me all

the time. I remember that there was a dance in the Murray block, on the classic "Flats," and, of course, I was there and having a good time, when a provost guard came charging in with bayonets. They captured me, and took me up into the provost marshal's office to Captain Ab. Scott. But I slipped out of the front window and gave them another race. Of course all this might have been avoided by showing my discharge, but I knew I had done the country more service than the fellows who were chasing me, and I refused to show it.

I got back to my old haunts and kept out of sight, but they got wind of where I was, and surrounded the Murray block one day. I got into the upper part with a fellow they called "Colleen Griffin." After we got into the garret I had thrown the ladder down so that the soldiers could not get at me. I had a white felt hat, and made "Colleen" put it on and stick his head out of the window. The soldiers took him for me and levelled their guns at him, and I told him if he moved *I* would shoot him, and you never saw a man so badly frightened in your life. He was literally between two fires, and I never heard a man beg so. The soldiers had seen me wear that hat, and swore they

would shoot him if he moved, and I had a revolver, and warned him if he came out of the window, I would plug him, so you can readily understand what a fix "Colleen" was in. While they were holding him there, I ran across the joists, dropped through a trap door into the room below, and got away all right. They came up and caught "Colleen" and were mad enough when they found that they had held up the wrong man. I went back on the hill, where I had friends, and they kept me hid from the soldiers. It was merely the boyish love of mischief which caused me to play these pranks on the provost marshal's men, and, besides, it annoyed me to have them chasing me when I knew that I held an honorable discharge, and could show it any time I wanted to. But, of course, the thing couldn't last. It was war times, and every one had plenty of money. Soldiers were coming and going, and there was a shindig nearly every night, and, as I liked to go to them, I was pretty sure to get caught at last. They dropped on me in one of these dances, and took me to the office, and then, for the first time, I showed them my discharge, and there was nothing for them to do but let me go.

I staid around Oswego, and kept pretty straight for me, until March, 1864, when I got tired of inaction, and re-enlisted in the 147th N. Y. Volunteers, under Captain Joe Dempsey. They agreed to give us \$300, out of a bounty of \$850 before we left. When I got to the train, they had not handed over the money, and I was not going to stand that and went out on the platform, and declared that I would not go until we were paid. But they took us to Elmira, and there we got \$125 of the bounty. One night six of us ran the guard, and got down town, and the provost guard arrested us, and popped us into the guard house. They soon sent us on to Washington. We were so crazy to get a look at the city, and have a good time before we went to the front, that I gave a man \$25 for his pass, and got to the city, and was doing Washington for a week before they caught me. I was shipped to Culpepper, and found the regiment about a mile from that town. On May 4, 1864, we got orders to march at twelve o'clock at night—to move to the front for the march through the Wilderness. I walked to Culpepper, flanking everything to get through, just for the sake of getting some whiskey, and only got a bottle then by giving a man \$10,

And it was chain lightning whiskey—the kind that burns all the way down. Still, it *was* whiskey, or something that bore the name, and that was enough for soldiers. I got back in time to march with the regiment, and at seven o'clock, on the morning of May 5th, we went into the Battle of the Wilderness. There is no need for me to describe that battle; the part the Oswego boys took in it is written in the page of history. But it was a terrible fight, and a good many of our fellows got their ticket. A young fellow I knew was shot through the ankle, and I had him on my back to carry him to the rear, when six or eight Johnnies came charging out of the woods, and we were taken. The other fellow, being wounded, they threw him on a horse, but as my legs were in good condition, I had to hoof it. They dragged and pulled me along, anyway, until we got to their headquarters. The first formality was to go through us, and they attended to that most carefully. I gave them a fictitious name, and, indeed, one name was just as good as another to them. I had quite a tussle with a Johnny Reb for my hat, but he got it. They sent the prisoners they had taken, myself among the number, to Orange Court House, twenty-six

miles away, and there put us aboard cattle-cars, and sent the train to Lynchburg. There we were placed in a deep ravine, and cannon planted along the verge, so as to rake the ravine in case we tried to make a break for liberty. The way they fed us was to roll barrels of crackers down the slope, and they were smashed at the bottom, and the prisoners would struggle for the contents. I got my shirt full of them, but when the hungry prisoners got through with me, all I had left was the piece I had in my mouth. They did not keep us there long, as they had no way of feeding us regularly, and we were sent to Danville. At this place there was an old abandoned tobacco warehouse, and, before they put us in, we were searched, and robbed of everything the other Johnnies had left. We were shipped next day to Andersonville.

No doubt you have read the history of Captain Wurtz, the ruffian who suffered for his infamous treatment of Union prisoners afterward. I had the pleasure, if you can call it that, of getting acquainted with him at Andersonville. He was in command, and ordered us to form into detachments to march inside. I laughed at him, and he drew a revolver on

me, and, I think, would have ended this history right there, but a rebel colonel happened to see him in time, and stopped him. I never had much experience with Wurtz, and after that I was very glad of it.

I was put into detachment Number 25, and marched into the stockade. The moment I got my eye on it, I decided that it was worse than any prison *I* ever was in, and made up my mind not to stay there. It wasn't the place so much as the inmates. Poor, suffering, enfeebled men, covered with sores, half dead with scurvy, and over-run with vermin. It was a sight to take the heart out of a man of iron, and it made me sick. From the moment I saw those men my only thought was to escape as soon as I could.

The opportunity was not long in coming, as I was one of six men detailed to go out and get wood. We were allowanced, one stick being allowed to ninety men. I knew they had dogs to hunt down fugitives, but bloodhounds or no bloodhounds, I made a rush and got away. My triumph was short lived, for they ran me down quickly and brought me back, and my friend Wurtz put me in the stocks, with a band around the neck and wrists so that I could not

move, and then smeared me all over with sorghum molasses. There is no torture that any fiend could invent which could be worse than that. The black flies are terrible at any time, but to a man in that position, unable to lift a finger or brush them away, it was simply maddening. Talk of the tortures of hell! It was nothing to what I endured while that black-hearted miscreant kept me in the stocks; and he kept me there an hour, the brute and coward, and if I ever exulted over anything, it was when I heard that he had got his deserts at the hands of the hangman, after the war was over. I staid in that living hell from May 22d to September 12th, and only got a chance to move when Old Tecumseh Sherman entered upon his victorious march to the sea.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW PRISON—A LONG TRAMP FOR LIBERTY—CAPTURED AGAIN—BACK UNDER THE OLD FLAG.

It began to be whispered among the prisoners that things were not turning out well for the Rebs. I don't know how we got at these things—sometimes one guard would give away a little and then another a little more, and we put this and that together and made out that Tecumseh was in the heart of the Confederacy and playing the old nick with them. The Rebs knew it well enough, but didn't want to tell us that if we staid there, Sherman might come to our relief. If they had told us, there would have been bloodshed before they could have got us away. So they told us we were to be exchanged, and when we heard that, of course we were anxious and eager to go. They marched us to the train and sent us to Augusta, Georgia, on cattle cars. There were sixty of us in a car. As we were leaving Augusta, a woman shouted

to us, that we were being taken to another "bull pen." Up to that time, we had been buoyed up by the hope that we were to be exchanged, but when we heard that, some of us swore that we would die before we would go to another prison pen. Each car had two guards, one at each end. I spoke to a comrade named Gregg, a Philadelphian, out of a Pennsylvania regiment, and told him to be ready, and we would take our chances of catching a bullet. After the train crossed the Savannah river we jumped it, and before the guard knew what we were doing we were in the woods. We were not chased far; a prisoner more or less made no difference to them, and besides, I think a good many of them had an idea that when old man Sherman got through with them, the end would come. We did not know a foot of the country, and all we could do was to trust to luck and tramp steadily to the North. In that long tramp through Georgia, South Carolina and into North Carolina, the only friends we had were the poor negroes. We were heading for Newbern, where I knew we should find friends. The only food we got was from the darkeys, who often showed us the way as we tramped on in the night. We never marched

by day-light, for we did not know what moment we might meet the enemy. I will never forget that two hundred and fifty mile march, or how near we were to success—and then to fail at last ! But, one night, driven desperate by hunger, we went to a plantation. Our only hope was, that the men would be away in the army, but by bad luck the owner had been wounded at Richmond, and was at home on sick leave. When we found that out, we took to the woods and ran a mile or two, and then heard the bay of the blood-hounds on our track. The last chance we had was to take to a tree, to prevent being torn into pieces by the dogs, and they held us there until the men came up and captured us.

Nobody, unless it is a man who has been in the same situation, can understand how we felt. Think of it, we had travelled two hundred and fifty miles, faced all kinds of dangers, suffered from hunger and thirst, and were almost in sight of our friends, only to be taken at last.

Most men would have given up in despair, but the truth is, we were so near giving up from hunger, that perhaps we did not feel it as much as we would have done under ordinary circumstances. And I had had so many ups

and downs in life so far, and had become so used to disappointments, that I bore it very well.

The men took us to a plantation near by. It was a sugar plantation and the darkies were engaged in making sorghum. They kept us all night in the sugar house, and early in the morning they got out one of those queer Southern wagons and six mules and a darkey driver and drove us to a place called Camden. It used to be a famous town in the Revolutionary times, and I have read that the good people of the town suffered many wrongs at the hands of the British, and escaped prisoners ought to have expected better treatment at the hands of their descendants ; but they seemed to have lost the good old blood. South Carolina was out of the line, and there was little fighting done in it during the war, except on the sea coast, and there they had enough of it. But Camden is in the interior of the State, and we were the first Yankees they had seen since the beginning of the war. They made a perfect show of us, and the young folks ran along by the wagon and gazed at us in wonder, and said to one another : " Why, they look just like we 'uns : " They seemed to have an idea that Yankees were a set of monsters and not ordinary men, and it must have surprised

them to see a boy like me, clad in Federal blue, or what was left of it after the bull pen at Andersonville. They crowded around and hustled us, but one thing I am proud to say for the Johnnies—there were a few old soldiers in the town, men who had lost arms or legs in the service, and they kept the crowd back, and protected us, and got us safe into the jail. The people came to see us there, but I got back and would not show myself unless they threw in a wheat biscuit. It was amusing, even in our condition, to hear them talk about us and express surprise, that we looked so much like men.

Some of them were kind to us, too. There was one woman—I shall always remember her—who came to the jail with provisions. They would not let her in, and we let down a string from the window, and she tied the grub to it, and we drew it up. I heard afterward that the woman had a son who was a prisoner at Camp Douglas, and he had been well treated, though a prisoner, and that is the reason, perhaps, she felt like doing something for us.

They did not keep us long at Camden, but sent us to Columbia, a handsome city, and the capital of the State. There was a prison for officers there, and it was considered too good

for common privates. While I was in Columbia, Jeff Davis came there and I heard him make a speech. Sherman was then on his march to the sea and Jeff's speech was full of patriotism. We only staid three days in Columbia, for Sherman was still sloshing around in Georgia, and they evidently did not know how soon he would call around and see them. We were taken to a place called Florence, where there is a stockade like that at Andersonville. There were about eight hundred men on the train, and, as usual, we tried to get up a plan for escape, but only three hundred out of the whole number made a success of it. They took us to Broad street jail in Augusta, Ga., and it looked as if we would have to stay there and wait for the good time coming.

The only friends Union soldiers ever found in the South, as a rule, were the colored men. When we got into the jail, there was a darkey in it who had been cutting up and had been sentenced to take a flogging. We fixed up with him to save him from the threatened flogging, and at the same time help ourselves. We found a place where there were iron bars before the entrance to a sallyport. They were about six inches apart, but none of us could get through.

We crowded the little darkey through the bars, however, and told him to go and get us an iron bar. He did it, and we pried away at the bars until a man could get his head and shoulders through, and in a moment we were out in the streets. Two men staid with me.

I started for the slums at once, and once in them I met a woman of the town. Perhaps it was my beardless, boyish face which attracted her. The part of the city where we were goes by the name of "Shake Rag," as tough a locality, in its way, as the "Five Points" or "Little Water street" at their worst. She said: "You are a Yank." I answered: "You can call me what you want to, but you must help me." The girl said she could get us a drink of apple-jack and she did it, and got me an old pea jacket and a pair of pants, an old cap and an old pair of shoes. The girl said she couldn't do much for us, but she knew a man who had the reputation of helping Union men and she believed he did so. This man, Mr. Thomas, came from Jersey originally and perhaps that is the reason they thought he would sympathize with us. She told me where to go, and I left her and never saw her again, but while memory lasts I shall always remember that this poor fallen

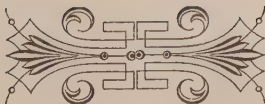
woman had a good heart in her bosom. I found the house of Mr. Thomas, and as soon as I passed the door and told them who I was, I found friends who risked a great deal to help us. That man stowed us away for three days, but it was dangerous and I knew it, and was eager to get away. The wife, especially, was a kind, motherly woman, and I was so young she took a deeper interest in me. There were two others with me, and this good woman fixed up a grip for me and cooked a lot of corn cakes and other grub. Enough for the whole party. They gave me an old army musket and I carried it until I turned it over to the provost guard at Savannah, Georgia. We started at 12 o'clock at night and I will never forget that good woman while I live. She kissed me at parting and uttered a fervent prayer that we might get through safely, and wept over me. We got out of the town by constant watchfulness. Every few miles we would see picket guards and dodge into the bushes and hide. We crawled along in Indian file, so as not to make much trail. We knew that it was one hundred and fifty miles to Savannah and Sherman's men were there. I don't know how long it took us to make that march, and don't like to even think of our suf-

ferings. We never would have got there at all if Sherman and his army had not passed over the ground before us, and left a broad track for us to follow. I'll never forget, while I have breath, how we felt when we saw the old flag floating and knew we had reached the Union lines. The officer of the day, a gallant soldier, took us in charge and gave us hot coffee and hard tack to soak in it, and, rough soldier as he was, he broke down and wept as he saw our pitiful condition. But we were safe under the old flag and all our sufferings ended. From the time I was first captured, including my efforts to escape, I had been eleven months and twelve days a prisoner. As soon as we were strong enough, they sent us by steamer to Annapolis, and there I got \$79 ration money, and we were sent on to New York, by sea. We reached there the morning after Lincoln was shot, in Washington, and I remember the Captain and all hands crying over the terrible news. We were put in a place at the corner of Howard and Mercer streets, in the care of some kind ladies, and staid there until our papers came on from Washington. We were most tenderly nursed by these good women, but some of the boys died from the hardships which they had

endured. I got along very well, and one morning went out and got into a crowd of fourth ward toughs, and they got me to drinking again. A man named Kernes took us into "General" Rodgers' place on Howard Street, and Kernes passed a \$10 counterfeit bill on the proprietor. I ought to have been in my place, for I was sure to get into mischief. Next day I was on Mercer street, and a detective called me out and nipped me for passing that bill. I had nothing to do with it, but like "Poor Tray," I was in bad company. They took me to the Essex street court and I had an examination. I got a lawyer, who defended me well, and I got clear, and went back to the place where I had been stopping.

The boys were badly treated by a lot of shysters who took advantage of the eagerness of the lads to get home, and who would buy their claim on the government for a mere song. We played some tricks on these brokers and got even with them, as we used to exchange papers, and I and two others got \$700 out of some of the brokers in that way. It was only a sample of the biter who got bitten. At last I sold my own papers and went home, the man who bought my claim promising to send my discharge

papers after me. I came straight to Oswego and started in for a good time. But, I did one good thing first. I remembered how kind Mrs. Degen was to me in my boyhood and gave her \$335 of the money. And thus ended my experience in the army. I can point to that service with pride, and barring the little tricks which any soldier plays, I never had reason to be ashamed of it.



CHAPTER VI.

OFF FOR THE WEST--HARD TIMES IN MILWAUKEE--A FIGHT WITH THE POLICE--WAUPON PRISON--MY ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

But I was not fated to be quiet long. Give a man a bad reputation, and no matter what happens, or how quiet he may try to keep, suspicion always turns to him. So it was in Oswego in those days, and I knew perfectly well that I was being watched by the police. There was a row one night in Brown's saloon in the Klock block, and I was pulled in and fined \$25. Then I made up my mind to go back to my old haunts and took one of the Northern Transportation Co's propellers for Chicago. I got there all right and very naturally drifted into the old course. I met a man who belonged to Markie Hanley's gang and soon got in with them. One night we were up in a saloon on the North Side, where they were having a dance, and Hanley went through a man for his watch and other

property, and there was an alarm given and we had to run for it.

In North Water street there are places where there are steps on the sidewalk on account of the slope of the street. The police got after me; they always chased me on general principles, whenever there was trouble in any place I was in. As the officers were running me down North Water street, a big policeman came out on these steps and stood with his arms extended to stop me. I butted him in the pit of the stomach and he did some ground and lofty tumbling, which would have made any one laugh. I went over him and got to the Marine hospital, where I had friends, and stowed away. When I thought the thing had quieted down I went back to the old places, but the Chicago detectives don't forget a man, and they soon got me on the Hanley business. I wasn't in it, though they thought I was, and I got a lawyer to talk for me and was cleared. But, Chicago was getting too warm for me again, and I shook it and came to Toledo. I did not find much to keep me there, and I went to Milwaukee, where I had already had some of the most lively experiences of a life which had not been devoid of excitement. The "Live Oak," where I used to

hang out, had changed hands and I went to "Kentucky Joe's" place on Main street. The house was full of fly fellows, and a poker game was being run there, and I had not been in the place long when a man named Stevens got into a row over a game and started a melee. I never knew or cared what it was all about, but did not care to call attention to myself by staying there, so I pulled out and went to Myers' place, farther down the street. I had not the slightest idea of making trouble, but I had two or three drinks aboard, and when an officer came into Myers' and wanted to take me, I wouldn't have it. I had not been up to anything, and thought they ought to know it, and when they sailed in on me, I pulled a pop and told them they were not going to take me. They didn't agree with me, and one of them got a bullet in the shoulder. We had a running fight down the street and this policeman caught four of the leaden pills. The fight extended from the Myers' house to the foot of Main street, but at last they hemmed me in and got all around me. My pistol was empty and I fought with the clubbed revolver. The first policeman, I knocked galley west, but the rest of them pitched in with their locusts, and cut me all to pieces.

Theoretically, I was all wrong. I should have surrendered to the officer without a struggle when he first came to arrest me, but I had come from a place where fighting was the style and was perfectly innocent of any wrong doing at that time, and what with the drink aboard, and the thought that I was being hounded by the police when I was all right, I was desperate enough to do anything. I had overdone it this time and of course the grand jury indicted me, and, after trial, in which I was easily convicted on a charge of resisting an officer and assault with a deadly weapon, I got a sentence of five years in the state prison at Waupon.

As usual, I did not like the idea of staying in prison, and was constantly on the watch for a chance to escape. It was over a year before that chance came and then I got over a twenty-four foot wall and made a break for liberty. The guards saw me and fired at me, but though the bullets sang by me pretty closely, the sound was nothing new to me, and I kept on running. But I was recaptured and taken back to prison and chucked into a "dark cell," where they kept me for two weeks. After that they took me out, put a ball and chain on me, just for ornament, you know, and I was put to work in

the stone quarries—to drill rocks. It was hard work, but even that did not break my spirits and I was still on the watch for a chance, and one time I got through the iron doors that led from the chapel and “gave them another goose” on that, but they found it out in time and caught me just as I got into the front yard. Ten months after that I made another rush and this time I actually got away for a time. I ran through the female ward and crowded through a small window on to a roof and jumped off. I was not hurt, and a lively race began through the village of Waupon, through back yards and over fences, and at last I got into a barn and hid under the hay. They must have suspected I was there, for three gangs searched the barn in succession; but I kept snug and they didn’t find me. I began to have hope, when another crowd came in and commenced taking the hay out, a handful at a time until they found me snugly hidden in a corner. It was tough to be caught after getting so near liberty. I got what I expected, if they ran me down—another dose of the dungeon—and six months of the ball and chain.

I staid in that hell for three years and ten months. Of course, if I had kept quiet, the

commutation would have helped me out then, but I had made too many attempts to escape, to get any consolation out of that. At last some good people took an interest in me and I was released. I always have remembered Wau-pon with lively interest, but never felt the desire very strong in me to go back to my old residence. I can say, however, that while I was there I made existence sufficiently lively for the guards and relieved their lives of the monotony likely to surround such work by my constant efforts to get away. Doubtless the prison authorities remember the lad who gave them so much trouble.

I have said before that a man in that kind of life always does the thing he should not. Of all places on earth, I ought to have kept away from Milwaukee. It was always an unlucky place to me, but there was a sort of fascination about the city, and I really couldn't keep away from it, and back to Milwaukee I went. But, I soon found myself the object of too much attention. A man who has served a term in prison for standing off the police with a revolver along the principal street of the city, is a marked man, and I soon had curious eyes upon me, and wanted to get away, and I took my usual unos-

tentatious manner of doing it. I had a friend on a tug who agreed to help me out, and I slipped on board and got in over the shaft that turns the screw. It was a hot place, and when the screw was turning, actually rubbed the clothing off my body, and began to burn me. You may be sure I was glad when I got far enough from Milwaukee so that I dared to come out of that place. I went back to Chicago, another city in which I was dead sure to get into trouble, and staid there until just before the big fire.

Then I went to Detroit. There is a big theatre called the "Star," on Jefferson avenue, and I got in with a gang of toughs who went there and got into a row with some of the "supers." Then I shook that gang, and actually went to work for a man in a printing establishment. I had taken the name of John Allen in Detroit and if I am remembered at all, it is by that name. My work was to turn a small hand-press and it is a sort of existence not at all agreeable to a young man, who had had such a busy life as mine, and I soon tired of it. People in Detroit will remember Joe Brown, the man who robbed the Elkhart bank in company with two other men, the Williams brothers. I got

in with him and as he was in hiding and did not dare to show up, he asked me to go and see his wife for him, and take a message to her. He was to stay in a certain place until I brought her. It appears that they had robbed a rich Englishman of his money and other valuables, not long before, and Joe had the swag and wanted to give it to his wife. I didn't know anything about that, but just wanted to help a man who appeared to be in trouble, so I took the job and was not long in finding his wife. I brought the woman to him and he gave her the money and I got \$50 for doing the trick. It was when we were walking together, that we were yanked, and it was done so suddenly that Joe didn't have time to draw his razor, a favorite weapon with him when he got into a corner. He had one with him, just the same, and would have made bloody work with it if he had been given a chance.

CHAPTER VII.

IN ERIE AGAIN—HOW I GOT THE NAME OF “DUBLIN TRICKS”—
A LIVELY TIME IN BUFFALO—CAUGHT IN A BARN AND TAK-
EN TO ERIE—A PUT UP JOB.

I was nabbed again for something which was not a crime, to say the least. I did not know why Brown sent for his wife, and went for her partly for the reason that I wanted to do a kind act. But they pushed me in as an accessory. Brown had plenty of money to fight it, and he got his case put over, and I who really had nothing to do with it, got two years in Jackson. When Brown was tried he was convicted, as a matter of course, but his wife had the money and she had him out of that in short order. You may have some idea how I felt, abandoned by everybody, and left to take care of myself, while the man who did the work got off clear. I served my time and went to Erie, Pennsylvania. There was a tough gang there, one of the hardest I ever knew, and their business was

peculiar. There was a big rush just then to Corry and Titusville, Pennsylvania, and these chaps used to lay for the men who were going down there, with their pockets stuffed with money. I got the name in Erie of "Dublin Tricks" and it stuck to me for a long time. The gang had been doing some work that needed attention from the police, and naturally they desired to investigate me, but I got away and came back to Oswego. I kept as quiet as I could, but the officers must have got word from Erie, for officers Grant and Slattery got after me. I kept snug and they wouldn't have found me, but they "pinched" a fellow down town who was a squealer, and he gave me away. I was in a house with a man named Jim Toole, and was fixed for them. At last I got out of the house and hid in a barn in the Western part of the city, near the forks of the road. I crawled up in the peak of the barn, and as I had weapons, I calculated to make it very warm for them if they came after me. But, I was worn out and had been chased up and down so much I couldn't keep awake, and the first I knew they were in the barn and had me. I was so mad at being taken in that way that I cried like a child. It turned out that I was really wanted in Erie,

and a detective named Sandusky came down after me and took me back, and before trial I was put in the iron jail there. Erie people used to brag of it and say that nobody ever got out of that. I never saw the prison yet that a man couldn't get out of, if he kept his eyes open and took his chance of catching a ball ; and to a man who had been through the war of the rebellion, on sea and land, chased by blood hounds and fired at by Johnny riflemen, the chance of being hit seemed small, and I got used to the whistle of lead. They took me before a justice and he didn't ask much of me ; only \$10,000 bonds. If he had asked for the earth, I could have given it to him just as easy. For some reason they had it in for me in Erie, and wanted to crowd me into prison for as long as possible. I had to lay there a month and wait for the grand jury. They indicted me, of course—they always did that—and I was tried. My lawyer was a pretty good one, and as they really didn't have any case against me, I was acquitted. They said in Erie that "Dublin Tricks" was a good lawyer and helped his counsel out. I asked the District Attorney a number of questions that puzzled him.

I came to Buffalo. The part where I used

to hang out was a tough one, and one night I got down into a shebang where we had a rough party and after we got some drinks aboard, there was a row and a man got hurt, and it was claimed I used a revolver. I don't know whether I did or not. I was intoxicated and always had a pistol with me. I rather think I did use the clubbed revolver for a weapon, but don't believe I fired. But the trouble was, one of the barrels was empty and I couldn't explain how that happened. It looked blue for me and my lawyer told me honestly that I was dead sure to be convicted, and the best thing I could do, if I didn't want to try Erie County penitentiary, was to make a jump for it. I got permission to speak with my lawyer in an ante-room, and when the constable had his eyes off me for a moment I went slap through the window and got away, leaving my lawyer to explain how the thing happened as well as he could. I went over to Sweeneys, a place where I was known, and put up there. I ought to have got out of town, but a man more wild and desperate than I was at this time of my life, it is impossible to find anywhere. I had only been in Sweeney's a short time when a Sergeant of police came in with two officers. I was arined, and there was

a chance to get away, and I only fired once to scare the man, and jumped out of the back door into a yard. From there I climbed up a spout and dropped into an alley, and got into a disreputable house and into a room where a woman was sleeping. She set up a screaming, but I pointed a revolver at her and told her to shut up. The police knew that I was in the house, so I ran to a back window and smashed it, and drew the attention of the police that way, and then I ran out of the front door and put for the docks. I took to water naturally when in trouble. There I got on board the barque King of Chicago. A man named Jones, who hailed from Cleveland, helped me. Of all places on earth, I could have gone to, I made the worst selection and that was Erie. The officers of that town had it in for me because I had beaten them so many times and they had always failed to make a case against me. I honestly meant to keep quiet there, but Chief Smith was bound to get me, and some of them got at my trunk in the house where I boarded and planted a lot of "queer" in it, so that when they searched the trunk they would find it. Then they put up a job on me when I was drunk. I got the stuff out in time. I was in a saloon where the depot

is now, drinking, and that man Sandusky, who took me from Oswego to Erie, came in with two detectives. I gave them a lively tug, but Sandusky got me across the bar in such a way that I couldn't use a weapon, and they lugged me off to jail. They took me before the same justice who had me before, and he said "you are nominated now and will get elected to the legislature." My answer was: "You may nominate me, but you can't elect me." I was held to bail again and stuck into jail to wait for the grand jury—into the iron jail the Erie people are so proud of.



CHAPTER VIII.

HOW WE BROKE THE ERIE JAIL—AGAIN IN OSWEGO—A TRIP TO THE PENITENTIARY—THE EFFECT OF FLOWERS ON A PRISONER—I DECIDE TO CHANGE MY LIFE.

I did not intend to stay in that jail for various reasons. First, I did not like Erie as a residence; second, I had been trapped and a job put up on me, when I was entirely innocent, and there seemed no right or justice in my incarceration; third, I wanted to show them that their \$75,000 jail wasn't so much of a jail after all.

There was a tough lot with me in the jail, most of them Corry and Titusville toughs, and they were ripe for any mischief; and it was understood that at the very first opportunity, we would skip.

They had made the charge against me, assault with intent to kill, and I knew what that meant for me in Erie and I began to make surveys, with a view to finding out the weak spots

in the jail. It was all stone and iron—not much chance to make a break, it would seem.

The jail is arranged with a hall between the cells. The jailer, standing outside the grating, by pulling a chain, can open the door of every cell; and by an equally easy movement, can close every one of them again. The jail was heated by a furnace and there was a place in the floor where the heat came up—and I surveyed this first.

I had a good deal of attention from the prison authorities, as I had announced openly and boldly that they could not keep me, and they were just as determined to do it. I was seen trying the register and that settled it. The register was taken out and two stoves put into the hall to heat the cells. That would have been all right, if they had not brought in a large stove poker, almost an iron bar, in fact; and the very sight of that gave me hope.

I said to a prisoner who was with me there—we called him Big Tom—“Do you want to go to States prison?” He rather thought not, and we worked at the register until the jailer saw it and put in the stoves. But I did not give up then. On Saturday of each week they would open the door from the corridor and put the

hose in to wash out the hall. One time when they did this, I put a small chip into the crack of the door. Of course when they pulled on it and it came to hard, the man thought it was locked, and that gave me the chance I was waiting for. We got out into the corridor and was faced by a heavy iron door, with a bar up and down, fastened by six locks, the upper one being a large patent brass lock, very hard to manage. We took the stove wrench and pried at the bolts until, after a great deal of trouble, we got them out. Then I mounted on the shoulders of a prisoner and for half an hour worked at the brass lock. The stove wrench was bent into every imaginable shape, and I almost began to fear we could not break it, but at last it gave away and let us out into the yard. Here we had to face a wall with a sliding gate, a place where they drove in wagons with supplies for the jail, and with another patent lock. After patient labor we succeeded in forcing the gate open enough so that a man could slip through sideways, and we were soon in the streets of Erie. Outside I met the lawyer who had defended me and said to him: "How is this?" and slid for the woods, leaving him staring in perfect astonishment. I went first

toward Buffalo to throw them off the track, and then turned in my tracks, and taking country roads, footed it all the way to the city of Cleveland, where I had friends. I had to keep close, for those Erie people were red hot after me, and for three months I never saw the outside of the door of the house where I was hidden. Rewards were out for me, and the detectives wanted the money, and while they thought I was living, they would never give up hunting for the man who had taken all the style out of their fancy jail.

At last my opportunity came. A man whom I knew was badly hurt in a fight in the city of Titusville, Pennsylvania, and died from his wounds. He resembled me somewhat and I caused it to be given out so that it went to Erie and was published there, that "Dublin Tricks" was dead. They believed it, and for the first time in months I dared to go outside the door, and went to Toledo, and from there to my old haunts in Chicago. I staid there for a while, but I always had ill luck and got into trouble, and had to skip. I jumped aboard the schooner Platt of Oswego—Matt Golden was sailing her, and got away. I never saw Erie again until I went back there to lecture, some years since.

I came to Oswego on the Platt, and when I stepped off about twenty-five fellows met me, and I knew that Oswego was no place for me; and although it was Sunday, I left at once for Syracuse, and from there went to New York.

Then I started for a run through the South. It was the first time I had been there since the war and the spots I visited awakened strange memories. At Selma, Alabama, I got into trouble with a Southern gentleman who wanted a row bad, and we had a hard fight on the levee. I never had any particular affection for those fellows after the way they treated me while a prisoner and was not at all inclined to stand any nonsense. So when he told me I was a d——d Yankee and must “git up and git,” I didn’t move worth a cent. I had a heavy load of apple-jack aboard and was primed for a row, and we pitched in, knife against revolver—and as I was the fellow who had the revolver, he got the worst end of it. After I laid him out I concluded that Selma was not a good place to stay, and I quit.

I picked up a fellow in “Egypt” who called himself “Balty,” and we took a trip to Columbia, South Carolina, where I was a prisoner, and then to Augusta, as I wanted to see the old

prison and to visit "Shake Rag" where I found refuge after my escape. As usual, I got into trouble. There was a fight in a house of ill-fame there, and "Balty" stole \$500 from one of the inmates and we had to light out. We went first to a small village—I have forgotten the name of it now—and then to Macon and Danville. Balty was a bad egg, and at Danville he wanted to do something I would not go into with him, and I shook him and came back to Washington. I never saw him again, and whether he is dead or in States prison I am sure I don't know. After a short stay in Washington I came back to New York, and, after stopping in Utica and Albany, came to Oswego in 1874.

It was a bad time for me. A lot of burglaries and robberies were going on, and they laid all of them to me.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him" is an old saying and a good and true one in my case. While I was in Oswego, I was not doing anything crooked, but my bad reputation was against me, and whenever anything was done they always looked me up first. It makes a man wild to be watched, when he knows he is all right, and perhaps for that very reason I

went into things I would never have done if the cops had let me alone. One night I went down near Blackwood's store, half full, and got into a row, and the consequence was that old 'Squire Lewis sent me to Syracuse Penitentiary for six months.

It was while I was in the penitentiary that the change in my life came. It was a simple thing that changed me—just the kind act of a noble woman—and I have always loved flowers for the sake of that lady. I don't know who she was—I never knew—but she was a lady of culture and came to the penitentiary and brought me a bouquet of beautiful flowers. Before she came in I was brooding over my wrongs, a sullen, desperate young man, thinking of nothing so much as revenge upon the men whom I thought were persecuting me without a cause. When the fragrance of those flowers filled my cell, it seemed to me that they changed my nature in a moment. My heart was softened, and I set to work and picked a piece of pine apart and made a sort of frame which would hold the bouquet, and set it up, and looked at it and wondered what had put it into the heart of that lady to bring flowers to me. I felt all the malice and hatred go out of my heart at once,

and said to myself: "That lady is what they call a Christian." I would sit on my cot for fifteen minutes at a time, with my arms folded, looking at that poor decoration and with my heart full of wonder that this lady whom I did not know, and whom I might never see again, should be kind to a poor prisoner. Perhaps it was my bad fortune, but in my prison life I had never met with any such, and it was a surprise to me that any one would think it worth while to be kind to a prisoner. I thought of my life in the army, of the three years and five months I had served under the Union banner, and it seemed to me almost like decorating a soldier's grave. She made me three or four visits and before they ended I had made up my mind to quit drinking—to be a man. I made no profession of religion then, and did not intend to. I simply made up my mind to do better. I did not even talk to the Chaplain, and that good man did not know what was passing in my mind. I remember that the day I was released a young man was going out, and his mother and sister came to the prison to meet him and take him home. It cut me to the heart to think that I had no kindred to meet me, and I said to Superintendent Williams: "There goes a man who has

friends to help him along, and I have got to go out alone." But, for all that, I was determined to fight the battle by myself, and when they opened the door from the office into the main corridor and I stepped out into light and freedom, I felt strong in the hope that I could make a good battle before I gave up the fight.



CHAPTER IX.

“HOLDING THE FORT”—I MEET A GOOD FRIEND IN ALBANY—
MY FIRST WORK FOR HUMANITY—HOW WE ESTABLISHED
THE MISSIONS.

I started out in my new life with this high resolve, and, with a five cent nickel piece in my pocket, set out for the city of Albany. I knew well that if I carried out my good resolutions it must be in some other place than Oswego, where I had many so-called friends, but who had so far only helped me along the downward path. As soon as I reached Albany I went to Captain Donovan, who kept a large tobacco establishment not far from the Delevan House, and who gave employment to a good many hands. I thought, perhaps, he might find something for me to do. He met me kindly, and I told him plainly that it was the first time I had ever undertaken such work, but that I was strong and anxious to labor. He was very good to me, but told me that times were very bad in

his business, and that he was running on short time and with a few hands, because he had faithful men whom he did not like to see thrown out of work entirely. But he said he thought he knew where they wanted two or three men, and directed me to go to No. 40 State street, where I met the man who has had a controlling influence in my new life. It was the old Y. M. C. A. buildings, and when I went in and stated my wishes I noticed a gentleman who attracted my attention because he had a scar on his cheek, and I remember it struck me that he looked like a prize fighter. He was a man of powerful frame, and looked at me earnestly while I was talking with the gentleman in charge of the office. The other gentleman was Mr. John Thatcher, afterward Mayor of Albany, and a gentleman I afterward got to know very well. They asked me for my history, and I told them a part of it. They did not appear to be able to do anything for me, and, as I turned away, I said: "Gentlemen, if *you* can't get me work I must get it somewhere else; I am bound to 'hold the fort,' anyhow." I started to go out, when the gentleman with the scar on his face called me back and commenced to talk to me. He said: "I am going to be your friend. I see

you have got the mettle in you, and, though I have never seen you before, I am going to befriend you." When he said that I asked him to go with me into another room, and I gave him my history, all the way through. It affected him so deeply that he cried like a child, and he said: "I am with you, now, all the way through, pocket-book, and all." I told him that I did not want his pocket-book; I only wanted his influence to help me in the new road I had marked out. Then, for the first time, I learned the name of the new friend, whom I shall honor to my dying day, Rev. Charles Reynolds, Chaplain of the Albany penitentiary, and Superintendent of the Tract and Mission Society. He began to explain his work to me. He took me through the rooms, and pointed out their beautiful arrangements, and told me that they were in debt for this place, and that it must be paid, and added: "We must clear it up—you and I."

I was rather taken aback, and told him that I did not know anything about such work as that, but he would not listen to me. He told me that he would put a bed into one of these rooms, and that I should sleep there and take care of the place, and arranged that I should

get my meals at a restaurant near by, kept by a man named Williams. The room he gave me was over the bank in the Y. M. C. A. building, and I kept it for a week. He took me home with him and introduced me to his wife—a beautiful woman—and she wanted me to come and live with them. I did not like to go—I felt that I was not fit for the society of people of culture, but she was so earnest in her wish that I finally consented to go to their house, 132 Lark street, to live. I was a living curiosity in those days, and my odd ways must have amused them very much; but they never showed it by word or sign. I told them that I was not fitted for society, and when they had company I was going to run away into the kitchen and eat with the cook. But such kind people manage to make the rudest man at home, and I soon felt at my ease there. I found that Mr. Reynolds gave himself little rest—that it was hard, incessant work with him always—and when he said: “Edward, we want to get a city mission here in Albany, and we must go to work and do something,” I was ready to help all I could. But, I told him that after he had been so kind to me, I felt that I ought to do something for myself. He said that a gentleman in Pearl

street, named Williams, wanted to use me for a while, and I might go to him. I went at once, and found that he wanted me to go up on the roof and get the icicles off. I finished the work in half an hour, and he gave me \$5. I did not want to take so much, but he insisted upon it, and I took it—about the first honest money I had ever earned.

I was still anxious to work for myself, and Mr. Reynolds went to the Van Gasbeck Carpet manufactory, and spoke to the proprietors for me. They sent for me and we talked it over. They asked me if I had ever done business of this kind, and I told them no, but I was willing to try it. They fitted me out with everything I needed, gave me a price list and a supply of cash, and sent me out on the road.

By this time I had got a knack of speaking readily, and in the Temperance meetings my remarks were always listened to with interest. They gave me the privilege of talking every night in the villages, provided I did my work for them in the day time. I had only a limited education, of course, and used to call psalms “palms,” because I could not understand the silent letters. But, perhaps, this was a help to me, for the truth, spoken in earnestness, reaches

the heart as well when clothed in homely words as when in the most polished language. They gave me all the money I needed, and I went away up the Susquehannah & Albany railroad. I worked a village by day, and passed on to the next, and at night doubled back, and spoke in the halls and churches, telling the people in my homely way the experience of my life. I was gone two weeks and returned to my employers with large orders, after winding up before a large audience in Cohoes. I told my employers that I felt I was fitted for mission work, and wanted to go into it. They said they were sorry—that I had done well—but if I felt that way they could not oppose it. I went back to Mr. Reynolds, and we prepared to establish a mission. He told me that it would be hard work, but we must put the Tract and Mission Society on its feet at all hazards. We set to work in earnest and labored hard, and, I am proud to say, cleared up that debt while we were establishing a mission in Rensselaer street. It was a tough locality. Gambling dens and houses of prostitution abounded, and the owners did all they could to break us up. A man needed to be a muscular Christian then, for I had to fight

while Mr. Reynolds preached. One of the most efficient helpers we had was Charles E. Rancour, who kept a barber shop in the Delevan House. He was superintendent of the Sunday school down stairs in the Rensselaer Mission building, the preaching meetings being held up stairs, and the gang used to come in and try to break us up. The meetings were small at first, but they made up in liveliness for numbers. One night the toughs stormed the fort, and we were in danger. I had to let Mr. Reynolds out of a back window, while I held the stairs with an iron poker. They were determined to get at me, but my position was a good one and they had a wholesome dread of the cold iron. But, they howled around the place until 2 o'clock in the morning, when they got tired and gave it up, and I got away home. Mrs. Reynolds was awake and would not go to sleep until I came in. As soon as I spoke in answer to her call, she was content, and I went to my room and slept soundly after that hard battle. I say it without pride, that no person could be better fitted than I was to face a howling mob, for I had faced them under circumstances not so much to my credit, and it did me good to think that I could be of service to

my kind friend, if for nothing more than having bull-dog courage and being ready to face any danger for his sake.

It was hard work, though, and for a full month it was one continual battle to keep them under. But the mission grew and prospered, until at last we had 700 children in the Sabbath school. At the same time we opened a jail service, the same as that I have given the prisoners in Oswego jail. They had an average there of about eighty-five prisoners. The jail is in Maiden Lane.

No one, unless they have tried it, can have any idea how far these toughs will go to break up anything that is good. One Sunday afternoon a gang of them attacked Superintendent Rancour in the street, and he was badly beaten. He published the fact in the papers, but no arrests were made and he asked me if I would go out with him in the streets and get the men who had attacked him. We armed ourselves with revolvers and went, and the same day took in a man named Hickey, the ring leader in the other assault, and landed him in the hands of the police; and of course he got his dose—six months in jail. After that they were more respectful, but a man had to keep both eyes open

when in their company, just the same. But, after much trial and many hard knocks and sleepless nights, we conquered, and at the end of a year had a fine audience, about equally divided between men and women.

But there were times when the toe of the boot or even the bare knuckles were most effectual persuaders, and I had to use them. The end of it was that I knew the by-ways of Albany better than most men, and there was not a den in that part of the city that I did not go into, to talk to the inmates and induce them to come to the meetings. At the same time I did all the collecting for the missions, and for charity, among all classes of people about the city, while Mr. Reynolds did what he could in the churches.

One year from the time I started out with Mr. Reynolds, I was assistant superintendent of the "Tract and Mission Society," and able to talk freely, if not smoothly, before any audience. As for my writing, I can only say that the first letter I wrote, it took Mr. Reynolds and six lawyers to read—and he has got it yet, and keeps it as a curiosity. During my wicked life I only went to school half a day. The little education I had, I picked up at odd spells, from kind people who would take the trouble to teach

me something. When I went to school that half day, it was in Oswego—I ran away at recess and never came back.

I was getting along so well that Mr. Reynolds thought it time to open up another Mission, and this time he had set his mind on Groosbeckville, a tougher locality than Rensselaer street. The place we selected would seat about 600 people, and in the day-time, a gentleman named Cox was trying to run a Sunday school there. In my work at the other Mission I had picked up some odd chickens, and I went to Groosbeckville with a man named Foster Shutter and a big tough named Dan Stillwell, who had been converted at the Rensselaer Mission. Dan would not have gone, perhaps, but I told him I wanted him to go down there and fire fellows out who made a disturbance, and that was just the kind of business that suited him to a charm. And he did it so well and earnestly that he actually became interested in the work and was converted, and I heard him preach afterward to 2,000 people off the Capitol steps and on street corners in Albany.

I next organized what we called a "Reform Club"—fifty men who had been drunkards. I picked them up one at a time, here and there,

wherever I met them and got them out to do work.

Mr. Reynolds was not satisfied yet. He thought we needed a newspaper organ, so he got up a little paper to distribute and had it printed, to the number of 3,000. It was called : "Our Work at Home," and gave the history of Mission work in Albany, and how much we had to do. We were our own carriers, as he distributed all south of State street and I all the north.

This man was a tireless worker, and he soon got an idea of another Mission in his mind. I continued to do the street work, while he labored in the churches, and went from business place to business place, soliciting help, carrying on the old missions as before. In Albany and vicinity were 5,000 people in poverty and in all kinds of wretchedness, and we wanted to do something for them. We took up street meetings and I remember going down to the landing of the steamer Daniel Drew, and talking there to a big crowd, who did all they could to break me up. Then we opened what we called cottage meetings, which made quite an improvement and we could see the results of our labors. At the same time we worked double tides and ex-

tracted all the money we could from good people for the mission work. In our tramping about the streets and visits to the dens of vice, we saw many sad sights and met all kinds of people. We saw suffering in all its forms—vice and folly and sin. But these people, if met in their own way and spoken to in their own language, are easily accessible. It will not do to address them, as our ministers will speak to their people out of their pulpits on the Sabbath day. Vice has a language of its own and understands nothing else. They do not believe in being too good, nor that it is possible for a man to attain perfection.

I remember one day going down to Lansing street, to take a message from a boy in jail, to his mother. They often sent me on such errands because they knew that if I promised them anything, I would keep my word. It was a tenement house, squalid and filthy and reeking with bad odors. The woman to whom I was to carry the message lay upon the bed half drunk, and when I told them who I was, a fellow named Johnson, who was in the room, asked: "Who in—is a Missionary." I explained to him what it meant and I "gave it to him straight" *i. e.*, in his own language, and told him that Mis-

sionaries were to work with just such men as he. He listened to me as he would not have listened to the most eloquent words from the lips of an educated servant of God, because my language told him that I had been one of his kind and was learned in the strange jargon which evil men use to hide their meaning from the uninitiated. Take a thieves' dictionary and construct sentences from it, and you will know what I mean. I persuaded that man to come to the Rensselaer street mission. I do not know whether it did him any good—but I am assured of this—we *tried* to do him good. I worked all day on collections and in visiting my subjects, and in that way sapped my strength and the effect will be seen later.



CHAPTER X.

NEAR TO THE GATES OF DEATH—THE LOSS OF A KIND FRIEND
—CONVALESCENT.

It gives me pain to say here, that Mrs. Reynolds—than whom no better woman ever lived, grew very ill, and was sent away to some institution for treatment and then was brought back to Albany. Shortly after, by the advice of physicians, she was sent to Florida, in the hope that the sea breezes and the odorous air of the land of flowers, might make her better. After she had been there two months, news came that she was worse, and Mr. Reynolds had to hasten to Florida, and the whole burden of that great work was left on me. I did my best and at the end of ten days he returned, and to his surprise I had raised money enough to commence the new Mission. The site which we had selected was on the corner of Rensselaer and Franklin streets and there were two saloons on it. We paid \$5,000 for the ground and if our enemies

had known who wanted it, we could not have got it for \$20,000. But we secured the site, and a noble building stands there to-day as an enduring monument of our work. Galleries and all, it has seats for 900 persons. It is fitted up with all modern conveniences, library, bath rooms and a fine restaurant below. That was the work of two years, working by day to get money—fighting and preaching at night. Mr. Reynolds' photograph and mine lie side by side in the corner stone.

Then sadder news came to us from Florida. A despatch came which told us that Mrs. Reynolds was dying, and he left me again and went to her. That left me alone, and in my desire to be worthy of the trust this good man had reposed in me, I overtasked my strength and I began to faint under it. I was at Rensselaer Mission one night, and felt a tingling sensation in all my fingers. I got home somehow and asked James Gardner, a reformed bank robber, to whom this good man gave a home, to make me some ginger tea. He laughed at the idea of my being sick, but complied with my wish, and for three months I never left my bed. Then it was, that I knew that my work had borne fruit, for I had the best of care. The "bums" whom

I had befriended and who believed in my words, came to see me in the morning, and the ladies came in the afternoon. One fellow especially, as I remember, came in one day and stood in the door, with a cigar in his mouth and looked at me. I had told him once that I wished he could see a Christian die. I beckoned to him and he said he wanted to dry his clothes first, to get the cold air off. Then he came nearer and said: "By George, you are in bad shape." I told him that the doctors said I was going to die. Jack Hawkins is the only name I ever knew him by, a tough man and a great fighter, and he looked at me in an earnest way and asked: "By George, is religion good now?" I answered: "Yes, better than when I was in Rensselaer, preaching to you." He smiled and walked out quickly, and Jim Gardner came in and said: "That fellow was crying when he got out in the hall." The roughest of men are sometimes kind hearted.

One who has been near the gates of death, remembers little incidents connected with it. There was one thing which touched me more than anything else, and I shall never forget it. Mr. Reynolds had a little girl, then four years old, and she had heard the doctors say I was

going to die. She came out into my room at two o'clock in the morning, in her little night dress, and looked at me. I saw the little thing, but was too weak to call her. She kneeled down on the floor, and made this simple prayer : "Gentle Jesus, the doctor says Edward is going to die ; take him up to heaven." Then she went away as silently as she had come, but that child's prayer is always with me.

I had many good friends. Mrs. Cook, a rich lady, used to come and read to me every day. Charles Rancour and his wife, dear friends of mine, also came often. About that time Mrs. Reynolds was brought home, but she came in her coffin. Her husband was just in time to receive her last words and close her dear eyes. They took her to the Hudson Avenue M. E. church, and, sick as I was, when I heard of it, I was determined to go to that good woman's funeral. I remembered her kindness to me when I needed kindness most. I had a fiery, untamed nature, and she helped me to curb that quick temper of mine. What I have of self-control, I owe to the teachings of that good woman. And knowing all I owed to her, I could not bear that she should be buried and I not there. I was so determined that they felt

it would be worse to restrain me than to let me go, and I was taken to the church in a hack. The preacher alluded to my condition in his sermon, and said that the same voice which now pronounced her funeral eulogy, might soon speak for me. I was overcome by weakness in the church and they took me out, and I had a relapse, and was again very near death.

Among those who came to see me was John Schutz, an Albany burglar. I saw him first in his cell and in his desperation, and in order to get out, he set fire to his clothing and was dreadfully burned. I did what I could for him and he remembered me in my sickness. I got a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. Ney and gave it to him and it was the means of reforming him. I shall always believe in the efficacy of flowers.

No prince had better care than I in my sickness. The markets were ransacked to bring me beautiful fruits and every luxury. At last I got so that I could walk the length of two buildings, and one day took the street cars and on the way down I met Maurice E. Viele, a rich hardware man on State street, and President of the Commercial bank. He saw me when I got out of the car, and came and welcomed me and was greatly surprised to see me, and said he

never expected to meet me alive. I said: "I am here," and took the occasion to preach him a little sermon. I said: "Mr. Viele, if you were sick all you would have to do, would be to send a check and get all the luxuries of life." He said: "Yes." Then I told him that I, a poor City Missionary, had been sick and all these luxuries had come to me to cheer my sick bed. He smiled, and we parted. And when I got back to the house I was met by a large box of tropical fruit, with the compliments of Mr. Viele. And so it went on until I began to gather strength and was almost ready to take up my work.



CHAPTER XI.

LONGING FOR OSWEGO—A VALUABLE LUNCH—MY FIRST MISSIONARY WORK IN MY OLD HOME.

As I grew better I began to think of Oswego. It was in my mind night and day. I wanted to go back there—to show them that I, Ned Lee, who had been hunted through the streets like a tiger in his native jungle, had made a man of himself, and to prove to them that there was something in this religion which I had gained. I felt drawn to my native town; that I must tread its streets, and show them what a work had been wrought in me.

In leaving Albany for the first time since my changed life, I feel that I have a right to refer to the work which was done there. In no one thing did I take greater pride than in the number of reformed men who looked to me for sympathy and advice. My work was in the slums, but no place in Albany needed work more. It required such a man as I was to go down into

the depths of these dens of iniquity and speak to the abandoned men, women and children with which they swarmed. I could speak to their hearts, because the story of my early life was the story of their lives and the lives of hundreds more whom they knew. But my heart was now set on Oswego and I was determined to leave the many kind friends I had made during my stay in Albany—and no man ever found better or truer friends than I did. I knew Albany well; every street corner was familiar to me, but once determined, I felt that I could not change. I had only \$10 with which to make the journey, and as they saw my mind was made up and they could not change it, Charles Rancour and other friends wanted me to take more money with me, but I refused. I had more than I took with me to Albany and would take no more out of it. They gave it up then, but they were slyer than I dreamed of. Mr. Charles Rancour came to the train with me, May 1, 1876. He had a neat box, which contained a lunch which his wife had put up, and which he said would taste good to me on the train. He staid with me to the last moment, and then bade me an affectionate good bye and the train moved away. Thinking over the

kindness of the friends I was leaving and the work which was before me, I did not think of the lunch until the train was near Utica, when I took it down and removed the wrappings. Two ladies who sat behind me laughed when they saw my amazed face. Few men have ever had such a lunch spread for them, for on the top of the food I saw a number of crisp greenbacks, neatly spread out. That is the way they took to out-wit me and force me to take the money which I had refused in Albany. I have been badly beaten in my life, but never felt so completely sold as I was the moment I uncovered that lunch box. But I found their offering very timely, early in my career, for it enabled me to do my work better than I could have done without funds. I reached Oswego in the evening and went to the Merchant's Hotel, now the Ringland House. I was still ill and coughed at every step, and had medicines to take all the time, but I was bound to hold the meetings which I had arranged in my mind. Down in Water street, near my old haunts, was a building at that time little used, and I thought it would be a good place for me. I rented an organ and had it put in there, organized a Sabbath school at once, and held meetings on Sun-

days in the Methodist chapel, on the Orphan Asylum hill. As I expected, I had two or three fights before things settled down, but determination won the day at last. In Water street I had crowded meetings of course. The toughs of that locality came out of curiosity at first, to see "Ned Degen" who was born and reared among them, preaching and talking temperance. I don't blame those who knew me in my early days if it was a marvel to them. But let me say one thing: No matter how tough the crowd, they always like singing when it is in the spirit, and it was an odd sight to see them crowd the building, dockwollopers and wharf rats ringing out the stirring hymns: "Hold the Fort" and "Pull for the Shore" with all the fervor of old Christians. The first help I got from the ministry was from Rev. Mr. Traver of the East Baptist church, and even he put on a ragged suit in order to go with the crowd. The police backed me up well, but they were afraid I would get into trouble. Chief of Police Joel Baker used to come down and climb on the window sill and look in to see that everything was going right, but I told him there was no need of it, as I could get along without the assistance of the police. It was just the opposite from the way

they used to force their services upon me in the old days. The Chief gave me a "locust" to help me out if they got me cornered, and I have it yet and shall always keep it in remembrance of him. He was a kind man and a splendid officer.

One night two local toughs, Johnny O'Kay and Dick Toole, laid for me in the alley I had to pass through to get to the meeting rooms, and tried to knock me on the head with a chunk of iron, but I told them I guessed it wouldn't do, and called out their names in the meeting next night and told what they had done, and the crowd hissed and hooted them. My work was more for temperance than anything else there, and a number signed the pledge—how many I do not now remember. But I soon learned that my work was appreciated. James Lee then kept the Merchant's Hotel and when I came there I paid my board regularly and asked no one to help me. After I had been there about three weeks, he came to me and gave me my money back and handed me a letter. I opened it, and it was from James McCarthy, H. B. Chamberlain, J. I. Weed and other members of the Y. M. C. A., saying that they made themselves responsible for my board as long as

I remained in the city. It was a surprise to me, for I had depended on my own resources and had not asked or expected help, having grown accustomed to doing my own work. But I will acknowledge that it made me stronger to feel that my work was being felt. There was a big house on East 11th street where they held meetings, and I used to go down often and help them out. Then I went for four or five days on board the steamer Oswego Belle to Amherst island, sixteen miles above Kingston, to a little place called Stella. The Island is beautiful and a glorious place for a rest. There are five churches of different denominations on the island. I said : " I am going to have a good time here and fish days and I may as well do a little fishing for men at night." So I opened the Methodist church for them and preached. You all know the kind of men to be found along shore, and that my kind of preaching would be apt to hit them. And it did. They came first to laugh and have a good time, but before I got through with them they changed their ways, and some of the toughest men on the Island reformed ; and one of them, Edward Scott, has now one of the best farms on Amherst. I held four temperance meetings too, and many signed

the pledge. My vacation over, I returned to Oswego, and Rev. W. F. Hemingway wrote a letter to my good old friend, Rev. Charles Reynolds, which I hope voiced the sentiments of the people among whom I had worked. It speaks for itself:

OSWEGO, N. Y., MAY 22, 1876.

Rev. Charles Reynolds, Albany, N. Y.

DEAR BROTHER—Brother Edward Lee requests me to write you of his work here in Oswego. He came here two weeks ago to-day, and from the minute of his coming he has been at his work for the Master. To say that he has created a sensation is faintly to express the results of his labors. He met from the very first opposition and persecution, but the Lord has been with him, and his opponents have been covered with shame at their every move. He has held meetings in the Water street Mission rooms several evenings, and they have been crowded, and a large number have signed the pledge. Altogether the happiest results are coming from his Mission among us. He is the very man that Oswego needs. Not only the classes to which he is carrying the gospel needed him, but the churches needed him. Religion had put on so much of the Laodician type here in this city that the advent of Brother Lee is like the coming of another Paul, and we have not a few Felix's who say that he is mad (not for his learning) but yet insane. Would that this land had a hundred thousand men insane after the same way.

* * * * *

We are satisfied that his coming is of God and have no

doubt that many will be glad through all eternity that Edward Lee came to Oswego.

Respectfully,

W. F. HEMINGWAY,

Pastor First M. E. Church.

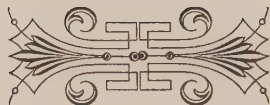
My health did not improve very fast and I used to raise blood, and my friends sent me medicine enough to start a drug store. But, strange as it may seem, I never coughed while I was preaching, but I suffered for it the next day. I kept it up until October, for I was determined to satisfy every body, that the Ned Lee they used to know was gone, and another Ned Lee, just as earnest in good works as the other Ned Lee had been in bad, had taken his place. I held meetings every night and averaged twice a Sunday. Before I left town the daily papers, the *Times* and *Palladium*, had articles in regard to my labors, and stated what was strictly true—that I had never received anything in the way of pay and offered to receive subscriptions for my benefit.

I left for Albany on October 1, as it was not thought best for me to face the severe winter of Oswego. Besides, Mr. Reynolds wanted me, and I knew that there was work enough for me on my old stamping ground. I went back into

the old field and at once commenced holding meetings in Rensselaer street Mission and in Groosbeckville. I also took up the cottage meetings and worked in the hedges and by-ways of the city. Some kind ladies fitted up elegant rooms for me on North Pearl street, Mrs. Charles E. Rancour being especially kind. I held on an average five meetings a week, visited the jail as usual, talked in the penitentiary and collected money. Among other work I organized the Reform Club of fifty-three members, every one of whom had been a hard drinker, and they turned out to be noble fellows, and 900 drunkards have since been reformed through their influence. They were so anxious that I took the Presidency for a year, but I only kept it for three months because I saw that they had the stuff in them to do good work without my aid. I remember that when I was collecting money to organize this club I had occasion to go to the State bank, of which Adjutant General Townsend was President. I walked into the private office where he sat with several gentlemen, and said to him: "Well, General, I have come to collect the Lord's money." He said: "What do you mean?" I showed him a card which he had signed for Mr. Reynolds for the

“Tract and Mission Society.” He understood it then and laughed, and asked me if I gave a receipt, and I told him no. He paid the money and I said : “ You are a pretty good fellow, and now I want you to lend me some flags for the Reform Club.” And he did it, too, just on my promise to bring the flags back all right. Mr. Reynolds was scared when I told him what I said to the Adjutant General and thought I had been too abrupt, but it never made any difference, for he was always very friendly to me and seemed to understand that it was my way. I did the same with Mrs. Dr. Clarke, who wanted me to labor with a gentleman who had got the vice of drink. I told her that I only worked with *bums* and was no use with *gentlemen*. In 1876 this lady wrote the story of my life for “The Christian at Work”—in condensed form, of course—but I never got the paper which contained it. She wrote it at the time when it was thought I was dying, and they wanted to do something to show their appreciation of my work. The ladies of Albany were always kind to me and were a great aid to me in my work, but some of them never seemed to understand why it was that I preferred to labor among the people of the slums to laboring among the higher

classes. But, I knew that my work was cut out for me and that I was fitted in a peculiar manner to do good to those who would not have listened for a moment to a scholar.



CHAPTER XII.

THE TOUGHS AND THE MINISTER—MISSION WORK IN ALBANY—
OUT INTO A NEW FIELD—THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE WORK.

A little experience which I had with a brilliant clergyman from San Francisco is still remembered in Albany. I have forgotten his name, but I know he ranked with the best of the popular divines and was a grand scholar and noble preacher. One night I asked him to come down with me to Groosbeckville and see for himself how we worked among the poor. He agreed to come, and brought down a very brilliant sermon and preached it to them, and told them how good *he* had been when a boy and never lied or stole even as much as a cookie. What was his horror and my amusement when the whole ragged regiment, who could not understand such superlative goodness as that, yelled in chorus: "Cheese it, Mister; that's too *him*!" He could not hold them in after that, and they were getting the best of him, and I

told him I would show him how to handle them. All I had to do was to hold up my hand and say : " Boys ; cheese that racket," and there was silence in the place at once. I told him that they understood that language and that it meant " keep quiet " and he saw the effect. He was very good natured about it, and said he had preached to many classes of people, but never faced such a crowd as that. He said, too, that he had learned one thing—that such people must be addressed in their own language and would not understand high-flown speeches and sermons. He told Mr. Reynolds about it when we got home and what a gang of heathens were there and Mr. Reynolds said to him : " You must take iron to cut iron, and these people must be met on their own level and addressed in language which they can understand."

At Ashgrove Methodist church there was an Exhorter whose brother, a wicked, profane man, was sick and would listen to no one. I was asked to go and see him. I agreed, but said I must see him alone. As I went in his first salutation was : " Who the —— are you ? Are you a preacher, like my brother?" I said no, " I'm a Missionary ; hold on, while I whoop you up a song," and commenced one of the

Moody and Sankey hymns. He kicked and swore, but it was no use and I sang "Sowing the Seed" all through. I used to drop in now and then and he would still grumble and growl and want to know if I was going to try to run the house. He bluffed a little, but I wouldn't pay any attention to his rough conduct, and after a while he began to take a fancy to me and would talk about his life a little, I kept coming, and he would at last allow me to talk and pray with him and finally consented to see his brother, and in time became a religious man and went out to labor with his brother. Then there was Foster Shutter, who had been one of the most desperate of men, and who went down to Groosbeckville with me, got interested, straightened up, and became one of my most efficient helpers.

In Lansing street there was a man who asked what use it was for a tough to go to those meetings? I went down there and held a prayer meeting right over his head and took with me Dan Stillwell and Foster Shutter, who had been the toughest of the tough, and a lot of others of their kind. I got the man to go up to the prayer meeting and afterward came with a committee and took him to Rensselaer Mission. The toughs hooted and howled at him, and I

showed him how hard it was for such a man to reform, when left in such surroundings. We got him, and by personal efforts 900 people signed the pledge there in Albany. I saw one man come to Groosbeckville drunk, with two little girls, and when the meeting was over he was the first to sign; and he is a sober man to this day. His name was Jimmie Brown, and he lived in North Pearl street. The last time I saw him was when I was going to New York in 1887.

As soon as the warm weather came we began to hold out-door meetings, in different parts of the city. We held one at the foot of State street, with a dry goods box for a pulpit. A man hooted and disturbed the meeting, and I told him that it was against the law to keep a grog shop open on Sunday. He closed his grog shop and went away.

I was doing good work and having good success, but I wanted to travel again and told Mr. Reynolds that I felt I had some work to do outside of Albany. About that time I received an invitation from Mrs. Allen Butler, of Syracuse, to come there and labor. She was President of the State Women's Temperance Union. I felt that I could do good there, and accepted the in-

vation. On arriving in Syracuse I was put in charge of the general work of the city. We opened the "Friendly Inn" on Franklin street, and used to pick up fellows about the streets. Among other places, I held meetings at Park Opera House, the Park Presbyterian church, the First M. E. and the Salina M. E. church. With the rest I got hold of Schuyler Smith, who was thought to be past reformation and got him to quit drinking, and to sign the pledge. We got two hundred signatures in a single night. Frank Bryant, who had been a States prison bird, came to the meetings at the Friendly Inn to laugh, but we got him interested and before he left he signed the pledge and kept it for three years. Dr. Bacon—since a temperance orator—Mat Gaffney, Bryant and others went out with me into the towns. Gaffney, who had sunk away down into the sea of intemperance, is now an ordained minister, and when he came to Syracuse he was little better than a ragged ruffian. Rev. Charles Whitcomb, a minister now for five or six years, was going around in those days with a linen duster, and his toes out of his shoes in October. There are many men like them, whose names I cannot remember, who signed the pledge there in Syracuse. They

came in hundreds. After three months, I closed my work there and came to Oswego with Frost & McKelvey. Then I went back to Syracuse on invitation, to deliver a lecture, as I supposed, in a large hall in North Salina street. It turned out to be a surprise for me, a sort of farewell on leaving them for other fields of labor. Twenty young ladies got around me and covered me with flowers from head to foot. The stage was decorated, and my name in gilt letters over it and flags everywhere. They gave me \$155, which they had collected for me and which was the first money I had received except for my board. I gave Frank Bryant \$25 and took him out on the road with me.

We went to Manlius, Manlius Center and Fayetteville. In this last village we held meetings in the grove near the railroad, and soon had the drunkards marching in procession, and in the end they took the licenses out of these towns. I was the guest of Mr. Baird and Mr. Blanchard. From there we went to Chittenango, where a convention of women was being held and I talked to them. At Manlius Station there was opposition to our holding meetings in the church and they locked it and ran away with the key. But I had come to speak in that

church and I meant to do it, and the man who had broken out of prison, found a way to break into a church. I got a thick wire and made a skeleton key, and got in and held a glorious meeting. It was the first and only time I ever burglarized a church.

We had lots of fun in High Bridge. The church was closed there, for the reason that the fellows had got a bad habit of throwing ministers into the creek. But, Mr. Blanchard wanted me to go there, and I went, and he went with me. We hung out bills reading: "All come to the church to-night and get a suit of clothes." The church was crammed and when he saw the line of ugly faces along the front, Mr. Blanchard was frightened, but I had faced too many such crowds to care for them. The bully and his gang were there on the front seats, and I knew that they came there to make trouble. I told them a story to start with; for I knew that if I could get them laughing it would be all right. So I went at them with one of McKelvey's stories, where the minister had been flogged by the leader of a gang of toughs. The preacher who followed had been a tough himself and a fighter, and he knocked the bully down and sat on him, and as he thumped him he sang:

*"Do you on the Lord believe
Yet, there's more to follow—"*

emphasizing each word by a vigorous thump. The story took and they laughed, and not a man lifted a finger against me, and the bully was the first man to sign the pledge. Then we came back and tackled Baldwinsville. That is a tough town, too, or was in those days, and we had lots of fun. Rev. Mr. Gregg took part in the meetings. There was a large brick Methodist church in the town and the trustees were all against us. Mr. Gregg said he would go into the country and leave the key with me. They found it out and cut off the gas. Then I went around and borrowed all the lamps I could and hung them on the gas burners. There was a chime of bells on the church and when the building was lighted I started in to ring them, and made such a row with them, that the fire department turned out. An undertaker, who was one of the trustees, made a great fuss and when the fire boys came and found out what was going on, they left their machines outside and came in and took part in the meeting. We had a rousing time and a large number signed the pledge. That was the opening of the temperance revival in Baldwinsville and its influ-

ence has never been lost. Then we went to the Baptist church and held several meetings. One night the toughs put eggs on the seats of the pews and spoiled the dresses of the ladies, and I rose in my place and offered to whip the man who could play such a dirty trick as that. I felt free to make the offer, because I was satisfied that only a cowardly fool could have been guilty of such conduct. Very naturally, not a man of them peeped and I could not find the one I wanted. If I had, it would have afforded me the greatest pleasure to keep my word. That was the beginning of the total abstinence wave which at that time swept over the country and which was the salvation of so many whose only failing was the love of strong drink. In the day time I went about in the shops and factories and talked to the boys at their work and told them what I was trying to do and invited them out to the meetings. I have always found the majority of workmen ready to listen to an appeal of that kind. It is only under the jeers of the men who make a living from this unholy traffic that they will defend it or make sport of the advocates of temperance. I next opened the Presbyterian church, for it was my aim to take in all the congregations in a village and give

every one a chance to hear the truth spoken. It was a large building, but not big enough for the crowds that wanted to come in. That being the case I next went to the Opera House for three nights, and then, having got them fairly started, left Doc Bacon, Frank Bryant and Mat Gaffney, who had by this time become efficient temperance workers, to carry on the good fight and left for other fields.



CHAPTER XIII.

HOLDING THE FORT.

I went back to Syracuse and preached two nights in the First M. E. church, which was presided over by Rev. J. B. Foote, a clergyman well known in Oswego. He took hold of the work with me and we had good success. I next stormed the town of Camillus, a few miles from Syracuse, and talked in the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches. It was there that we inaugurated the idea of ringing the bells for an hour to call people to the meeting. It was a grand success. All the hard men of the whole town were there, and we succeeded in organizing a strong Temperance Union and a Reform Club. I staid in Camillus a week and a half, and there was work enough to have kept me much longer, but I could not spare the time and carry out the plans I had laid out for myself.

Leaving Camillus, I went to the city of Auburn, where Rev. Mr. Searle, Chaplain of the

Auburn prison, introduced me in Wall street M. E. church and I spoke there two nights and we had a fine rally. Crossing the country to the beautiful village of Canastota, upon invitation, I addressed the people in the Methodist and Baptist churches, and after that in a large hall. Seven meetings were held in all, and there was the usual opposition and a good measure of success. One man I had been led to fear was Colonel Robinson, editor of the *Canastota Herald*. He was spoken of as a great critic and Mrs. Hussey told me I must look out for him. The story of my love of flowers had gone before me, and the pulpit of the church in which I first spoke had been made beautiful with them, and somehow they seemed to give me strength. I opened by speaking of critics in general, and said they might perhaps criticise my grammar, but before I got through they would at least give me credit for earnestness in the work in which I was engaged. What I said pleased the editor and he gave me a very fine notice in his paper, and was always my good friend. In the hall I got to talking about the practice of keeping liquors on sideboards in private houses with the ladies who had gathered about me, and among them was

Mrs. Robinson. When I had finished, instead of getting angry, she said that my remarks about the sideboards fitted her case exactly, and she promised not to bring out the decanter any more and then and there put on the blue ribbon. I have never found that a temperance advocate lost friends by speaking his convictions boldly. I had a good time in the village, and was there five nights, and the churches were crowded every night. I was brought there by Mr. Andrews, pastor of the Dutch Reformed church, and went away leaving many friends.

From that town I went to Rome, a thriving place. I spoke in the Opera House twice and in the M. E. church, and in the Temperance rooms three times.

For some time I had been in correspondence with Mrs. Donovan, of Weedsport, where her husband was a partner in business with John J. Mack, formerly of Oswego, and had an invitation to come there as her guest and work. I accepted the invitation, and leaving Rome, went to Weedsport. It is a beautiful village, but I found plenty of work there in the cause of temperance. My coming was heralded, and the enemies of temperance at once commenced to

work against me. Donovan & Mack owned a large hall over their stores and I was given the use of it. After speaking in two churches to large audiences, I went to the hall and spoke there. And now my enemies began to show the cloven foot by sending threatening letters to me, marked with skulls and cross bones and coffins and even sent them to Mr. Donovan's house, where I was stopping. I determined to stop that, not that it scared me at all, but the ladies of the house were frightened. I went out and borrowed a revolver and took it to my next meeting, and after the singing was over I pulled out the weapon and laid it on the desk, and said quietly: "There are a lot of fellows in this town who have been sending skulls and cross-bones to the house of Mr. Donovan, where I am stopping. There must be an end of that. I will put some of them in their coffins if it continues." Then I put up the revolver and never had so peaceable a time in any meeting; there was not the slightest trouble and I think they made up their minds that I meant just what I said. It was a strange thing to Christian people to see a Missionary armed in that way in the pulpit and it scared them at first, but the effect was excellent. I never had any more

trouble in Weedsport, no more villainous cards were tacked up, and my mail grew smaller. For fifteen nights I wrought in Weedsport and had excellent success.

Then a party came over from Port Byron, a village on the canal, and wanted me to go with them. There was certainly need of it, for a more God forsaken hole than the village was at that time, I never got into. I went to Mr. Hough, who owned Masonic Hall, and told him that I had no money, but if he would let me have the hall for three weeks and a half at \$6 per night I would raise the rent. He consented readily, for his daughter was much interested in the work. Mr. Ransom of the *Port Byron Chronicle* aided me in getting started. The hall was opened and we had a great crowd. I remember one old rooster who came there half drunk and *would* crawl behind the scenes on the stage while I was speaking, and drink from a bottle of whiskey which he had with him. Some of the people wanted to throw him from the stage, but I said: "Let him alone; he is taking his last drunk." Then he came and stood in front and lighted a dudeen pipe. An officer was going to arrest him, but I would not allow that, but took him behind the scenes and

made him lie down there. That man signed the pledge before he got through with me. I went around among the toughs of the town and talked to them, and many of them signed.

A lady of the village came to me to talk about editor Ransom. He was a grand man, full of learning, but he had the habit of "budging." I invited myself to dinner with him. His wife laughed at the idea of reforming him and said it was impossible; he had the habit too strong upon him, but she was willing to have me try it. For five days and nights I staid with that man and argued with him. He was a man full of learning and ability—in that he had the best of it—but I was in the right and he knew it. It was hard work, but at last I got him to come to the meetings and finally to sign the pledge. As far as I know, he has kept that pledge. He helped dig the foundations of the Episcopal church with his own hands. When he left Port Byron, he became editor of the *Auburnian*, and when that paper went under he went West and I lost sight of him. But he always took deep interest in my work and delighted in writing me up.

I labored there for five weeks and at the end of that time I told my audience the contract I

had made with Mr. Hough, and asked them to help me out. A gentleman named Armstrong gave me \$100 and another \$50 and in a short time I had enough to pay for the hall and start a Reform Club and reading room.

I might refer to the papers for the record of my work. Mr. Ransom was very kind to me, and with his able pen made the way smooth for me in that village. When I closed my work they gave me a great meeting and had the Howland band out and we had a glorious time. All classes of people came there and crowded the hall, and they would have given me a large sum of money, but I refused it and took only \$30 for myself. The rest went to carry on the good work of temperance in Port Byron. I have been back there several times since, and have spoken to them, and have always had a warm reception. I am proud of the work done there and have a right to be, for it speaks for itself.

Then I took in Savannah, and opened the Presbyterian church and started the old racket of ringing the bell for an hour to call in the people. Next I went to the Methodist church, which was beautifully carpeted and they took up the carpets and gave me full possession, and

I held campaign meetings night after night, and 300 signed the pledge. Among those who signed was William Isaacs, a medicine man of the Onondagas, who had come up to that section for the purpose of treating a sick girl after the Indian fashion, in which style of medicine many have confidence. The capture of this medicine man created much excitement and his quaint ways made much amusement, and yet on the whole nobody cared to fool too much with my convert. For three weeks excitement ran high in Savannah. They had four saloons and a hotel, and the demon died hard. One of the signers here was Captain J. E. Lyon, of Elmira, a magnificent man, at one time worth half a million dollars—but who had lost it all through drink. I had more trouble in watching this man than I had in holding my meetings. He spoke in the meetings and would describe the feelings of a man suffering from the *jim-jams* in a way which would make you shudder. When we got through with those meetings I realized the wisdom of the good people when they took up their carpets, for the pea-nut shucks and dirt were an inch deep on the floor; but the people didn't mind it, they were satisfied with the harvest we made. Then I moved

back to Port Byron and spoke one night, to Canastota two nights, and then back to Savannah. They had set in for a gala time. Blue flags were suspended from buildings and across the streets, and all the bums were out marching in torch-light procession, and at their head Chief Isaacs in his native costume, in all the dignity of a savage warrior. Behind him came the men who had signed the pledge there in Savannah. Chief Isaacs made a speech as well as he could, in which he ascribed to me, "the head man," the glory of his reformation. The last meeting was held in Hoag's Hall, and we had a great festival. Among others who came was Abe Durratt, a deputy sheriff from South Butler, with a fellow named By Clark in his company. Durratt owned a hotel in South Butler and had heard we were going to move on his place. He was what is popularly known as "a bad man" and came to me and demanded if we were coming to his town. I told him we certainly were, and he declared that if we did, they would wipe us out. Such language as that always made me strong, and I repeated that we would certainly come, and he must be ready. He went away breathing out threatenings and slaughter, and with Clark in his company, got

on board the Black Rock train on the Central to go to Lyons, to get the election returns. Being intoxicated, he fell from the train and was cut in two, and his mangled body was taken home—a sad temperance lecture.

I was at South Butler when the body of Durratt was brought home, for I had gone there to make arrangements for our meetings. The man who had threatened us lay powerless in death. There were three churches in South Butler—the Advent, Baptist and Disciples. I went first to the Disciples' church, where Rev. Mr. Atwater preached. They did not let any one know who invited me, so great was the prejudice against the temperance movement. But, the need of reformation was shown by the fact that in South Butler and vicinity, before my work was done there, 682 people signed the pledge, and many of them are members of the church to-day. We had made up a surprise for them, and when it burst upon them they were so taken back that they could only yield with as good grace as possible. Only a few in South Butler knew it, but the reformed men of Wolcott, Savannah and Clyde had formed in three detachments and marched upon the town. They halted outside the village until I came out and

I found 400 men in line. It was then night and suddenly torches were lighted, the bands began to play, and with flags waving, the Blue Ribbon army marched in and stormed the town. In that procession were seven or eight pastors of churches, who had marched from Wolcott and Clyde, nine miles, and from Savannah, five miles, as cheerfully as the rest. I led them to the Disciples' church and set Rev. W. S. Page, of Wolcott, to deliver an address. At the same time I had twenty-five ladies in my confidence, who knew that the army was coming and they had a great feast spread in the Baptist church. After the speeches, the visitors were invited there and had a royal time. The hotel in South Butler has never been licensed to this day, as a result of the work done there.

While the meetings were going on, the landlord of a hotel in a place called "Silver Lake" challenged me, saying that I would not dare to come there and speak in his dancing hall, over his bar-room. I wanted to show him that he did not know me, so I sent Captain Lyons to Wolcott, and drove out to Silver Lake and jumped suddenly into the bar-room and announced that I had come there to hold the fort. They laughed at him when he was inclined to

back out of his bargain, and he was obliged to let me have the hall, and the people came in from all sides and we had a crowded meeting. Two gentlemen who belonged to the churches were there and were afraid to pray, and I had to take the duty on me. The landlord got a bible for me somewhere, and I lectured, and thirty-three persons signed the pledge. Then he ripped out an oath and said "By ——, you don't hold any more meetings here." But I said there ought to be enough Christians left in Silver Lake to take care of the boys, told them to hold the fort, and drove to Wolcott. Captain Lyons was there before me, but on the night of my arrival the Presbyterian church was packed, and *every* night, and we had torch light processions and the blue flag had the best of it. In that town you would see ladies and clergymen marching in the line, all enthusiasm in the good cause, and the results were glorious. We had over fifty men sign, who had resisted every other influence. I closed my labors there and went to Red Creek.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTINUEING THE WORK—THE TEMPERANCE BATTLE ALONG
THE LAKE SHORE.

I had packed audiences in Red Creek as usual and spoke in three churches, and the deepest interest was shown in the cause of temperance and religion. I also spoke once in Westbury, a little place three miles away. I have not the figures before me exactly, but in the time I was engaged in this work, no less than 98,000 persons signed the pledge. Imagine, if you can, whether it is possible that out of this vast number, many thousand souls were not permanently saved from the curse of intemperance. From Red Creek I went to Lyons and spoke for one night in the town hall. The permanent effect of the work in South Butler was a new church and many of those who then signed the pledge are now members of that church.

At North Wolcott, six miles from the main village, was a church of Protestant Methodists, and they earnestly desired a revival and at the request of the principal members I went there and preached. I told them I would fire away at the *saints* for a week and say nothing of the *sinner*s, as I had heard that the church was divided, and I told them that a house divided against itself could not stand. We had a large attendance and the people got together, and then I took up the regular temperance meetings. On the third night, we had among us a farmer whose father owned 120 acres of land. This man came forward and the people thought he was converted, but I knew better, and drove him back, and told him he did not want anything of us. There had been a good deal of stealing grain from bins in that locality and a farmer in the back of the church shouted : "Yes ; if he wants salvation he had better pay for the cord of wood he stole." All this made him very angry and he went away. His wife happened to be at the house of a neighbor, Mr. Brink, and he went there with a gun and fired at her through the window, and she caught three buck-shot, and Mrs. Brink, who was with her in the room, narrowly escaped. He fled, but was cap-

tured afterward in the pineries of Michigan and was brought back, and served a term of five years in Auburn for his brutal act. I knew by the expression of that man's eyes when he came to the altar that he was not sincere, and that is the reason I drove him away. There was a wild time when the meeting broke up and the farmers turned out and chased him on horse-back, but he got into the woods and escaped them for the time being. Here, as in other places, I used to make the rounds of the stores and talk to the men there. In one of them there was a crowd, and among others a farmer named Soule, who demanded if I was coming to his house. I told him I was, and he said he would kill me if I dared to come there. The men laughed and one of them dared me to pray before Soule and I did it. He got furious and warned me again not to go to his house. I am not more anxious to be made a martyr than any other man, but I saw that in the interest of my work in that town it was necessary for me to keep my word and visit his house, and I started. He went ahead so as to be ready for me, and when I got near the house I saw him coming with a big dog and a stake on his shoulder. I'll own right here that the animal scared me

more than *he* did, and I walked up to Soule and told him that I feared the dog more than I did the stake, and he threatened to split my head. I thought that one at a time was enough and suggested that if he would suppress the dog we could have it out, but I did not like the idea of both coming together. He laughed and said I was the only preacher he ever met who had sand, and he rather liked me. He told his wife to kill a chicken and get dinner and treated me first rate from that time. He was not converted, but he came to the meetings and behaved well—and that was saying a good deal for a man of his sort.

There was a hotel in that neighborhood where the men used to congregate, and where they had cock fights and dog fights very often. I used to go down there and talk to the toughs who gathered there, and in spite of the fact that I talked against what they called sport they always treated me well. They seemed to be surprised that I would take the trouble to talk to fellows like them. They did not know that the mission of my life was to do just such work, and that I delighted in it. We had fine meetings and many were converted and signed the pledge. In that town of North Wolcott 107

professed religion and that they have not all backslid is made plain by the fact that they have built a large addition to their church. But I had some trouble with the very people who should have helped me most. The pastor, one Lovelace, was a great hand to shout: "Glory to God," and because I did not shout enough, he said I had no religion, and I heard him telling this to some of my friends. I thought better to let him have his way, and staid away from the church. Lovelace got up to speak to the people, but they would not have it, and shouted for "Lee." Then the pastor and three trustees came to the house of Mr. Brink, where I was stopping, and begged me to come to the church. I felt that I had been insulted, and for a time refused to go, until Mr. Brink said he would go if I would. The place was so crowded that I could not get in at the door and was obliged to crawl in at the window, and we had a splendid meeting. I staid there three days more, and they gave me a fine donation when I left.

I next took in Rose Valley and spoke in the hall over the hotel for three nights. From there I went to the Baptist church and opened a gospel temperance meeting which was finally turned into a revival. My plan as regarded

money, was never to allow collections taken while the meetings were going on, for nothing interferes with work so much as that. If they choose to give me anything when my work was done, I was thankful. While preaching there Senator Tom Robinson, who lived at Clyde, drove down to hear me, and he has been my friend from that day to this. Among those who were converted at these meetings was Jack Alton, who had been an English prize fighter. I was the guest of Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Kingsley, leading ladies there, who used to be of the numerous family of the Lee's before marriage. Thirty-five signed the pledge and there were ninety-three conversions. At the end of four weeks, with prayer meetings every afternoon and every night, with three meetings on Sunday, it is easy to see that I was kept busy. On the last night it was suggested that a collection be taken for me, but I would not allow it. Then these two ladies, Mrs. Kingsley and Mrs. Wright, took the matter up, and I got a splendid donation—better than I could have got in the church.

I had promised Senator Robinson that I would visit Clyde, and my work being done, I started for his place. There had been meetings

held there before I came, and a Reform Club had been started, but he was anxious to have me come there. Clyde is one of these canal towns and in winter, especially, a good many toughs congregate there. I held four meetings in the hall and three in the temperance rooms. An average of fifteen signed the pledge every night, and the last two nights thirty-three and forty-one.

Then I went into the Methodist church, a large edifice, but it was crowded. I also spoke in the Presbyterian and Baptist churches, and they reported at the end of the work 265 who had signed the pledge and fifty-seven who had united with the churches.

During my stay in the town there was one incident which has always amused me. One of the converts was known as "Funny Tuck," a railroad man, and very bashful. He had come to the town hall with his "best girl" and one of the ministers suddenly called on him to pray. It was a trying moment for him, but after he had stammered a while he kneeled down and prayed and this was his prayer: "Oh Lord—we can't get along without the women. Oh Lord, you *know* we can't get along without the women!" I have no doubt he meant it, but he

always said he could not remember a word of his prayer. I am happy to say that he married the girl who was with him at that meeting.

On the invitation of Mr. Johnson, President of the village of Palmyra, I next went to that town. It is a beautiful place and has four churches on opposite corners. I stopped with Mr. Johnson, and one day one of these pompous "holier than thou" sort of fellows came along and said to my host: "Do you know the character of that man you are entertaining?" and wanted him to put me out. Mr. Johnson told him in plain words that he ran his own house and that I should stay there as long as I liked. Mr. Johnson did not know that I was in the house and that I had chanced to overhear every word they said. That day I went to Dr. Eaton's church and before I commenced my remarks I told them I was there by invitation, but I did not want to stay anywhere if not welcome, and when I got through I wanted every one who wished to hear me in the evening to hold up a hand. Every hand went up, and I staid there one week. Dr. Eaton used to come quietly and hand me money every night and made no fuss over it, and took no collections, for he knew I would not stand that. I told them I was going

to the town hall when I got through with the churches and wanted them all to come. I spoke six nights in the Baptist church and seven in the Methodist, and there were some pledges signed. Two hundred persons rose for prayer and twenty-two joined the churches. All this came, not from my brilliant preaching—but from the fact that the word came from such a man as I had been, and they believed me thoroughly in earnest. Then I took a choir and enlisted the ministers and the best men in the village and went to the town hall. There I held thirteen nights. We had 365 sign the pledge, and forty-five became members of the churches. The singing was grand; I never heard better any where. From what they gave me and everything there I got \$233, which was a large sum to me then. It was not so much the money as the feeling that they considered my work well done and that the laborer was worthy of his hire. This money was handed to me when I left the town.

CHAPTER XV.

FIGHTING ALL ALONG THE LINE—I GO BACK TO MY OLD HOME
—THE OSWEGO BAND OF HOPE.

Port Gibson was my next point of attack and it needed work done. It has a Methodist church where I staid three nights. The signers were seventy-two in number and in that brief time, we did well. The committee paid my expenses and handed me \$25 when I left.

There is another little place back of Port Gibson where I went one night—I think they called it Whiskey Hill. I then went to Newark. They had an Evangelist there and I only consented to give them one talk. Then I started for Dunkirk and spoke three nights and had 265 signers. Fredonia was the next place, where I talked in two churches and then opened the hall. A rich man named Cole wanted me there, and took much of the labor from me. For eleven nights I labored in that hall, and the success repaid me. The first night, by some mistake of

the committee I went to the hotel, and there fell in with a drummer, who took me for one of his kind and invited me to take a drink. I refused, and that seemed to surprise him as he had seldom met drummers of that kind. The bills were up for my meetings and they got to talking about me and wanted to know if I was like Bacon, who tried to evangelize that neighborhood. They made a little fun at first and he got angry and insulted the audience and in the end they tipped him over and nearly killed him. We were still joking when the committee, which had got track of me, came into the hotel. I turned on the drummers and invited them to come over and hear me, and I never saw men so completely taken aback. They had never for a moment suspected that *I* could be the man of whom we had been talking. But, some of them came to hear me. In that town 462 signed the pledge, for I did not take them in Bacon's way. You cannot handle such a crowd in that manner and perhaps his experience taught me a lesson. The hall was packed every night, and I went away with the good will of everybody. When the campaign was over Mr. Cole handed me \$100.

I always had an idea that some time I would

go back to Erie, the city where I broke out of the iron jail, and as it was not far away I thought that I might never have a better chance. The place selected was the Methodist church and the people crowded in until there was no room for more. I spoke with unusual earnestness, for the thought would come to me how different the situation when I figured among them as "Dublin Tricks." When I finished, a good old Methodist lady shouted: "Glory to God; Jesus aint dead yet!" Eighty-two signed the pledge that night, and I felt that I had done something to wipe out the old record. From Erie I went to Buffalo and talked on Missions. From there to Suspension Bridge, where I talked for Rev. Mr. Cooper in the Presbyterian church for two nights. Following the line I had marked out I went to Alton and spoke for two nights, and from thence to Big Sodus, near the lake shore, where I held nine meetings in the Presbyterian and Methodist churches and in the town hall, one night, before the Reform Club, and to a big Union meeting in the Presbyterian church. I had a little controversy here—a good-natured one—with Rev. Mr. Tribe, who said it was easier to talk every night, as I did, without notes, than to write sermons. I

promised to get up a sermon on paper in two hours and a half and kept my word, but, I told them they were going to have some amusement, as it was hard for me to keep my eyes on paper. I got through it at last, and turning, presented the manuscript to Mr. Tribe and said it was the first sermon I had ever written and would be the last. After that I went on and spoke for twenty-five minutes without notes, and found that it came a great deal easier.

I then returned to Oswego to carry out another idea, the organization of a "Band of Hope" in Grace church. Mr. Kingsford gave me the use of the chapel on West Bridge street, and I got 400 hoodlums together and organized them into a school. The chapel is the one now owned by the Free Methodists. I held there three months, and then the gang announced that they were going to come over and "bust" me. A tough I had helped came to me and told me what they were going to do, and I was ready for them. I did not say a word to anybody but got a big poker from the stove and set it up near the pulpit. I opened the bible and gave out my text, and then said: "You have come here to fight, and you have got just the right kind of a preacher to handle you." They kept

quiet for a while, and then began to kick on the floor. I spoke to them twice, and the third time I sung out to Will Cole to open the door, and I went for that crowd with the poker and banged them in a lively fashion and cleaned out the gang. It was quite a while before they stopped running, and they never made me the least trouble after that. One of the papers had an article headed: "Ned Lee has a Full Hand—The Only Time He has Played Poker in Years." I couldn't get the jaw bone of an ass, so I took the weapon which came handy.

There was a good deal of loose material about Oswego—children who never went to Sunday school or church, and I went to the pastors of the churches and told them I could get the whole gang into church and keep them there a year. They did not believe that I could do it, but were willing to have me make a trial. The plan was a success. I got Professor Straight, Judge Whitney and the best speakers I could find in the city to give them ten minute talks, and it suited the boys well. I had the ladies there, and trained the children to sing, and out of the 400 I could name 205 at the end of the year who had done well, and 105 were on the roll of honor. They were afraid about the car-

pets when I started in, but when I got through they were as good as when we commenced.

I wanted a little rest then and started to Albany on a visit, intending to stay only a few days, but of course Mr. Reynolds got me to go around and talk in the Missions. Then I went to Prince street and helped build up a temperance society. About that time I heard of a lady in East Albany who had opened a Mission and was having trouble with it, and she wanted me to go over there and hold some meetings and try to civilize her gang. Talk about your hoodlums! I have seen some bad ones, but that lot was the worst I ever struck, and my experience has not been limited. I walked through Greenbush to East Albany, and when I got up there I could hear them yelling like young demons, smashing the windows and making a terrible row. I got them quiet after a little and talked to them about insulting this noble lady and that this thing must be settled then and there. I said the devil had followed me through Greenbush and was on the roof of the building, listening to his children down below. He didn't stop at the saloons; they belonged to him; he had *them* all right, but he came up here to try and pick up some new victims out of this crowd. I

told them that I had heard that they danced clogs and made a row instead of listening to instruction, but there was going to be order this night or they would have trouble. They seemed to think I meant business, and gave me good attention, but they looked at one another as if they thought I was not the kind of preacher they were accustomed to handle. I asked the lady why she had not asked the ministers and laymen to come over and help her, and she said she had done so, but somehow they did not like to face this crowd. I took hold then in earnest and got them interested and held meetings for ten nights; talked twice on Sunday and before I got through they were nearly civilized. The news began to spread that we were having good success, and others came in to help and many signed the pledge. I went up to Bath and told Mr. Eaton, the Methodist minister, how nobly this lady had worked and he promised to give his aid. And a year and a half after they had a fine Mission and were doing much good in humanizing that benighted region.

After that I lectured in Bath and in my lecture declared that any man over the age of forty could not be a moderate drinker; he must be either a drunkard or a total abstainer. To illus-

trate, I told the story of the darkey who caught fish by feeding them bread soaked in whiskey. They became stupefied and he caught them in great numbers. But there was one big fish which would not be caught in that way. He ate the bread and seemed to enjoy it, but was as lively after it as ever. At last he was caught in a net and flounced around and acted so strangely that a consultation was held over him, but none of the darkies could fathom it. At last an old philosopher named Jones said : "Don't you know the natur ob dat ting ; he's a mullet-head ; he's got no brains !" There was a gentleman who was going to argue on the side of the moderate drinker and when I told that story he got mad and would not speak. After it was over he came up to me in the hall and said he knew that I meant to refer to him when I told that story, and said I had called him a mullet-head and insisted that I did it to insult him. But they all laughed at him so that he gave it up and let me alone.

My friend Charles Rancour, wanted me to go with him to Westburne, a village on the Susquehanna railroad, and give a talk, and I went. They drove us five miles over the mountains to the village where the hotel was kept by a man

named Joseph Lee. I was to speak in the Dutch Reformed church, and as it had been well advertised, the edifice was hardly big enough to hold the people. We had glorious meetings, 230 signed the temperance pledge and seventeen young men and women joined the church. There was another village thirty-five miles from Albany to which Mr. Rancour took me, and we stopped with a family named Terwilliger. The name was too much for me and after we retired for the night he kept the family awake for a long time by laughing at my frantic efforts to pronounce it. All I could make of it was "Terrywiggler" and he completely upset me next day by telling the family what he was laughing about in the night. But we had a splendid time and good meetings and the people were very kind. Another place they took me to was a four corners, five miles out of Albany, where there was a church. I was astonished that they should think to get up a congregation in such a place, but was more astonished when the time for the meeting came and people came flocking in from all quarters and crowded the house.

Leaving Albany, where I had already staid longer than I had intended, I came back to

Syracuse, and from there went to Pompey Hill, a village among the hills to the south. Rev. Mr. Petrie had a church there and I had promised him to come. I talked also in the evening and afternoon at Pompey Center and we had a good time. Then back to Syracuse and spoke one night in Dr. Thurber's church and from there to Rome, where Joe Higgins, a reformed drunkard, wanted me to help him. I spoke in the M. E. church first for Rev. Mr. Reeves and three or four nights to the Reform Club in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., and also in the Opera House—and from there I started on a tour through the villages in the hop regions.



CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE HOP COUNTRY—A SEASON OF SUCCESS ALONG THE SHORES OF ONEIDA LAKE.

I took the main road that runs from Oneida Castle to the Comumnty, and at Oneida Castle held four meetings which were well attended. I talked only temperance in those meetings, and they certainly needed a temperance revival. Then I talked in a Methodist church, and in the Indian church near by. My audience in this place was composed of whites and Indians and the red men were as attentive listeners as any I ever labored with. Over 100 persons were induced to sign the pledge, and ten or twelve joined the church. From there I went into the town of Lennox and talked in the school houses. The people came in from all quarters and kept me busily engaged for about two weeks. In that time seventy-five people joined the church. The country was full of desperadoes, but they did not trouble me. There was one particularly

tough neighborhood to which I was challenged to come in that section and as I never "took a dare" from anybody from my youth up, of course I went. I found a good portion of my audience half drunk on "stone fence," but talked to them the best I knew how, and I hope did them some good.

The next place I visited was Munnsville, in the middle of the hop growing section. After my talk, which was on Missions, thirty-six rose for prayers. While talking there a young boy, whose name I have forgotten now, asked me to come to Pratt's Hollow, and in carrying out my promise I went there and preached in the M. E. church. It was right across the street from the hotel, where they had big dances every night. I found the queerest audiences there I had ever met any where, spiritualists, people who believed in planchettes, atheists, and a number of skeptics. I did my best to combat their peculiar prejudices and with such success that I was kept there nearly three weeks. I got them interested in my way of talking, and no less than fifty-five joined the church. They fought among themselves, but with all that they always treated me well. When I left I gave them a lecture on the "Blarney stone," which suited them well.

I wanted to leave them good-natured and at the close I told them the lecture was intended to be funny, and when the hat was sent around at the close I did not want to see any pennies ; quarters and halves would be good enough for me. When they brought back the hat it was half full of silver. I next went to Morrisville, which is the County seat, and held five meetings in the Methodist and Dutch Reformed churches. In all, seventy-five people signed the pledge. Most of the meetings I held in this section were Gospel Temperance, in which the people took great interest.

Then I left for Norwich, a beautiful village on the Midland railroad, in the midst of a rich and fertile country. I spoke in the Free Will Baptist church and in the Opera House, three meetings in each. The local papers took hold of the work in earnest and helped me along. The record in Norwich was 271 who signed the pledge. Then I went into the section between Morrisville and Pratt's Hollow, in a school house where seventeen professed religion and forty-five signed the temperance pledge. The next place I visited was Lennox Basin, a little village between Munnsville and Oneida, on the Midland railroad, and held four gospel temperance meet-

ings. I had lively times there, as my readers may judge from the fact that while I was talking, two men got into a fight in the vestibule of the church and the victor in the fray bit off a portion of his antagonist's ear. At that time Hon. H. D. McCaffrey, of Oswego, was building a telegraph line through that section and had a large gang at work putting up poles and wires. When their work for the day was done, they used to come over to my meetings and it pleased me to see the faces of Oswego men in my audience. I spoke at several school houses in that section and then went to Durhamville to hold one temperance meeting, and out of that grew an invitation to preach in the evening. I accepted, and that meeting led to three weeks hard work, alternating between the two churches.

Around Durhamville the glass blowing industry has called in a lot of hard men, but they are men who are open to conviction. The farmers came in from all sides and the meetings will long be remembered in that section, for 317 people pledged themselves to lead temperate lives, and thirty-three united with the churches. I have always remembered my work there with pleasure. The next place I touched was Fish Creek Landing, where I held four or five meet-

ings in a school house, and also at North Bay, a hamlet on the shore of Oneida Lake. I also held three meetings at McConnellsville.

There is a queer rule at West Vienna in regard to the church. It had no regular preacher, but in order to get the privilege of using the church the preacher is obliged to register his name with the clerk or he can't preach. I used to get around that by registering my name every morning. The hotel was kept by a man named Jewell and when I came there I found the whole neighborhood in a row about some spoons. I used to hear so much of this that it made me tired, and I told them the story of Ben Butler and the man whom he was hired to defend and who was undoubtedly guilty, and it was necessary for him to prove himself an idiot. Butler instructed him, in answer to questions, to say nothing but "spoons." He obeyed orders and appeared so idiotic that he was discharged. He did not prove so idiotic after all, for when wise old Ben asked for his pay, his client still found himself unable to make any other reply. The story took, and I did not hear anything more on the subject of silver-ware while I was speaking in that village. Mr. Jewell, of course, did not believe in any temper-

ance movement and did all he could to block me. It had been customary to hold festivals at the hotel and I did not like to encourage anything of that kind, so I got out a lot of bills and posted them all along Oneida lake stating that the festival would be at the church and not at the hotel, and the result was that about \$120 was cleared for the church. Jewell was very mad, and roused up a lot of "fellows of the baser sort" to get out an anvil which they were to bring up in front of the church and fire whenever I attempted to speak. It was a failure. The thing was not loaded right and would not go off, and they had to give it up and drag it away. Many in that section changed their mode of living, and Jewell, in order to get custom at all, had to put down the price of his fire water to five cents a drink. I rather think Mr. Jewell will remember the work which was done in West Vienna.

Next I went to Cleveland and spoke three or four times and we had rattling good meetings. Rev. Mr. Marvin was pastor of the church, and I have no record of the number who signed the pledge, but they were many.

At Bernhard's Bay is a large church of the Society of Friends—or Quakers, and I spoke there, and afterward went to the hall and held

several meetings. At this place I fell in with a man named Cole, and got into a controversy with him and offered to prove to him that the Jews did not crucify the Saviour. He got very much excited and said I was as bad as Bob Ingersoll and equally dangerous in a religious community, and wanted a chance to prove that I did not know what I was talking about. I set aside a night when we were to speak, and he came there loaded for me, and gave me a scorcher, as he thought. The controversy had got up a great excitement and I had told the glass blowers to bring their bibles and it was a sight to see them sitting there, some with big family bibles on their knees, looking for the passages when they were pointed out. I showed them out of the sacred word that the trial of Jesus was by the Romans, for the reason that the Jewish tribunals had not the power to try such offences. I showed them that Pontius Pilate was a Roman governor, and that it was he who imposed the sentence of death on the cross, and that although the Jews cried out for his death, he suffered at last by the acts of the Roman soldiers. The glass blowers followed each passage in their bibles as I pointed it out, and at last Mr. Cole was obliged to give it up. In that

place ninty-three people signed the pledge and thirty-six joined the church.

Then I went into John Brown's Tract, about five miles back of Bernhard's Bay. The lumbermen came tramping in with big rubber boots on and never took off their hats, and though they were a rough looking lot, they were respectful and gave me excellent attention. After the first lecture they said they wanted more. I enjoyed the time there very much. They gave me some excellent fishing and perhaps my style suited them, for they wanted me to stay longer than I could, and I was really sorry to be obliged to leave them.

At Constantia Center, where there is a church, I lectured once and preached in the evening. There were no forms for pledges, and I had to draw up one myself, and nearly everybody signed it. The preacher in that place had a wife who seemed to be possessed of a devil. Not that anything could be said against her character, but she was utterly without reverence with regard to spiritual things. She would sit in the church and make paper wads, and throw them at her husband when he was in the pulpit preaching. I tried to reason with her, but she only laughed, and said that her husband

was good enough, but he ought to be on a farm working to support his family, instead of preaching. I had to give her up for a bad job.

From this place I went to Constantia and talked twice in the Good Templar hall, and much interest was awakened. From there to Brewerton, in the Methodist church. It is a sort of sporting place, great on cock fights and things of that kind, and a place where the work of an Evangelist is needed. There was a Good Templar lodge, and the work we did must have had some good effect, as they took in a lot of members.

Central Square was the next place I visited, and spoke in the Methodist and Baptist churches. From there I went to Caughdenoy—pronounced by the natives “Cockenoy,” and talked there twice on week days and three times on Sundays, to crowded houses. From there back to Central Square, and to a school house three miles away. The room was packed. Then I went to Hinmanville, on the canal, and spoke for three nights. At this place I met the man Button, who was known as “The Boy Evangelist.” He had a doctor’s sign hung out, and used to practice mesmerism, and get people under the influence, and induce them to talk, in order to have

them at an advantage afterward. This fellow came to Oswego as a witness in the trial of old Solomon Gifford, of Granby, for the murder of his wife, and told a remarkable story about Mrs. Gifford going to Fulton to buy poison, in order to make out that she had designs on the life of her husband, sufficient to justify him in killing her. But young Sam. Wandell, Assistant District Attorney, who had been in the country looking up his record, had got so many points on him that Mr. Lamoree was able to destroy the effect of his evidence, and make a show of him in open court. Knowing what I did of him, I was not surprised. I next visited Fulton and held eighteen or nineteen meetings, and a large number signed the pledge. I had quite a time with an insurance man who got angry with me because I asked him to pray, and, meeting me on the bridge, he insulted me about a bouquet which I was carrying. I was going to duck him in the canal, but he ran away. We had crowded meetings every night, and Fred Gordon Stewart, a colored man, came up to help me, and we did good work.

Granby Center was next visited, and, among others who signed the pledge, was Dave Hovey, who had been a hard drinker. Then I spoke

two nights at a place called "Niggerville." I was surprised there at the late hour at which people came to meeting. They would not get around until nine o'clock, but when they did get there we had grand meetings. It was a dairy country, and they had to take care of their cows first. Forty-three signed the pledge.

The next place was Dexterville, where there are seven denominations scattered around the four corners. School Commissioner Metcalf lived there, and I stopped with him. I also lectured at a school house near by several times.



CHAPTER XVII.

I INVADE CANADA.—MY SHORT COLLEGE COURSE AND HOW IT ENDED.

Back to Fulton, where I held two meetings in a hall and in the Methodist and Baptist churches. There were a number of conversions and several pledge signers. Then being somewhat "wearied" as the Scotch say, for my own home, I went back to Oswego and went into the City Mission again. There I remained ten months, and held seventy-five meetings. Then, on invitation, I went to Pulaski and held three meetings in the Methodist church, one for the organ fund—and in the jail, talking to the prisoners. On Sunday night we had a Union Mission meeting and a big crowd.

Next I visited Watertown and talked on Saturday night in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, in Washington Hall, and in the jail. I also held a Sunday morning meeting. In the evening I went to the State street Church. Rev. Mr. Webster

was ill and Dr. Bingham led a prayer meeting and then left me to myself and I had a good meeting.

I next went to Cape Vincent, and, after speaking there, visited Kingston, Ontario. They all came out to hear the "Yankee," as they called me, and I had a good house. From that city I went to Bath, sixteen miles above Kingston, and lectured in the hall two nights on invitation of a merchant named McEntee. Then, feeling a desire to visit Amherst Island once more, where I had such a splendid vacation formerly, I crossed over and held seven meetings. The Island has about 1,500 inhabitants, and before I left we held a Union meeting, which twenty ministers attended. I also preached twice in the Presbyterian church.

In Belleville I also made a talk, going up on the Steamer Hastings. From Amherst Island, leaving Belleville, I went to Port Hope, where I preached in a large Methodist church. My purpose in going to Port Hope was to visit a friend of mine, who was an engineer on a tug, but after I got there a gentlemen named Wright insisted that I must give them at least one talk, and I consented and in spite of the short notice we had a glorious meeting and good success.

Then I went to St. Catherines, speaking in the Methodist church, and so worked down to Buffalo for a meeting in the Presbyterian church on Main street, where the subject I chose was Missions. I journeyed to Dunkirk for three nights. Twenty-seven rose for prayers and eighty-two signed the pledge.

In Cleveland, O., I spoke in the "People's Tabernacle," which seats 5,000 people, and has a choir of one hundred voices. It was built by a gentleman named Doane. I was there for two nights. Eighty-six rose for prayers, and one hundred and fifteen signed the pledge. Then I crossed to the West Side, where the ladies had Temperance Union Rooms. Rev. Charles Atwater introduced me there, and I spoke. There is another hall, which I do not remember, where I lectured afternoon and evening.

I had a particular object in working up in this direction. I was heading for Oberlin, where I intended going to college. I had got an idea in some way that I needed *polish*, and that my theology was weak, and thought that a year in Oberlin might set me right. My friends in Oswego tried to persuade me that my theology was good enough for them, and per-

haps more effective for being clothed in plain language, tinctured with the tough vernacular, as it was. But, I was set on a year in Oberlin, and my trip through Canada was on the way to that place.

I landed in Oberlin in the afternoon, and, as I was going along the street, I heard some one calling: "Edward, Edward!" and, turning, I saw a young lady I had known in Albany. She was a little girl then, but I had not changed much, and she knew me at once. Her mother's name was Nye, and she had been very kind to me in Albany when I was sick. My young friend took me home with her, and I met her mother, who made me feel that I had found old friends. A daughter of Dr. Lee, of Fulton, was boarding at the same house. They wanted me to stay, but I preferred to go back to the hotel, and next day I called on President Fairchilds. He received me with extreme kindness, and I found afterward that one reason for his spending so much time with a stranger was that he had received a letter from Rev. Mr. Biddle, formerly of Oswego, giving him some portion of my history and work, and recommending me to his care. He gave me good advice at once, and said that he felt acquainted

with me already. He asked if I had really done the work Mr. Biddle said I had. I told him what I had done, and gave him an outline of my work. President Fairchilds then said that he did not believe that a year of study such as I designed to take would be of any service to me. He advised me not to waste a year in the study of theology, as I was fitted for special work. In a year, even with the hardest kind of study, I could not hope to gain much, and I could do better work, and more good to humanity, in the line I had marked out, than in other fields; and he rather intimated that *polish* would be apt to spoil me. I had begun to think so myself, and had little difficulty in deciding to take the excellent advice given me. I have no doubt he was right, and although I might have picked up in Oberlin some grains of knowledge, it would not have repaid me for that lost year. It was, perhaps, for the reason that I was a rough diamond that I had had good success. It did not cause me any particular sorrow to go on my way, *unpolished*.

I went to Kempton, O., and held meetings. The President of the Christian Union went up with me, and Mrs. Nye, who seemed glad to get back into the old Mission work, in which she

took part in Albany, accompanied us. I held five meetings in a brick church there, and the house was crowded each night. My congregations were largely composed of foreigners, but most of them were able to understand English. The record of signers was seventy-two the first night, forty-six the second, thirty-two the third, thirty-eight the fourth and twenty-five the fifth. I had a delightful time there. Then back to Oberlin, where I gave them two talks in the Congregational church, on the subject of Missions. I then went back to Cleveland and spoke in a church on Euclid Avenue on Missions. I also talked two or three times to the ladies, and in the Disciples' church for Rev. Mr. Atwater. Then I went over to the Peoples' Tabernacle and talked two nights and about 150 persons stopped to an after meeting and seemed to enjoy it.

In Canal street, Buffalo, the hardest street in that town, I talked in the Mission Sunday School. It is right in the center of the tough neighborhood and is very much needed, and very useful. Then I went back to St. Catharines and delivered a sermon on Home Missions. At Suspension Bridge I talked one night in the hall and once in the Presbyterian church.

From there I worked back to my old ground around Wolcott, where I had had good success, to keep a promise made to a man named Watkins Demmon to visit his place, North Huron. He took me into a cutter and drove six miles to a little country place, and there they kept me three weeks, holding meetings in a Methodist church on a hill. Forty-five persons professed religion and it was one of these neighborhoods we often find, full of skeptics and unbelievers.

I then went to what is known as the Richardson school house, two miles from Wolcott, and held religious services. Rev. Horatio Gates, now Chaplain of Auburn prison, then wanted me to go to Victory and hold meetings in his church. I staid there three weeks, opening a regular campaign, afternoon and evening, and the record was fifty-seven conversions and forty-five baptisms in June.

Then there was a call for me to come back to Oswego, and I returned and took up my old work. While in the city this time I opened a Mission building and soup house, which fed 900 people in two months. The new Mission had a burden of \$4,000 upon it and I carried it on until they formed a society and incorporated it, but it was a failure, and the building went back into

the hands of the owner. But, about this time, I received a call which interested me and I determined to take part for a time in the Mission Work in the city of New York.



CHAPTER XVIII.

I DECIDE TO GO TO NEW YORK AND ENTER A NEW FIELD—
THE GENEROUS WAY IN WHICH OSWEGO PEOPLE BADE ME
GOOD-BYE.

Having decided to go, I have a right to review my work in the city of my birth as an offset to the work of my earlier years. Following is the report from December 1, 1886, to September 25, 1887: Held 41 meetings in jail; 17 professed religion; 78 signed the pledge; 2,500 papers distributed to jail prisoners; helped 23 persons to employment.

Held 18 meetings in City Mission; 28 professed conversion; 125 at different times signed the pledge; 45 had lodgings and breakfast, five of them women; 1,327 cups of coffee given away; 178 children given ice cream and cake in one evening; received \$23.78 for charitable purposes and distributed the same; helped 13 families to provisions; gave away Harper's Weekly and Magazine and religious papers and tracts to the

number of 4,323 ; helped 11 persons out of town ; gave 23 poor children toys, etc., given me by the West Baptist Sunday School children ; opened the Mission every evening from 7 to 9 o'clock ; held eleven meetings in the country, driving out and back ; daily visit to Police Station No. 1, except when sick ; 227 pieces of clothing received and given away ; supplied firemen at Ould & Klock's fire with coffee and cakes, the latter supplied by Mrs. J. C. Churchill.

Among the testimonial letters I received were the following :

COMMITTEE ROOM OF THE OSWEGO COUNTY COMMITTEE OF
THE N. Y. CHARITY AND AID ASSOCIATION.

OSWEGO, Sept. 22, '87.

MR. EDWARD LEE.

DEAR SIR :—I have the pleasure of transmitting to you the resolution adopted by our Committee at its meeting held Sept. 21, 1887, and beg to assure you that the Committee, fully appreciating the value of your work among us, earnestly hopes and believes that you will be successful in your new field of labor.

Respectfully your obed't servant,

GEO. C. MCWHORTER, President.

Resolved, That we have learned with much regret that Mr. Edward Lee has determined to remove to New York to engage in work similar to what he has been employed in in Oswego ; that, in view of Mr. Lee's approaching departure, we record with sincere pleasure our appreciation of the

capacity, zeal, industry and devotion displayed by him as City Missionary, and as a member of this Committee; and that in his new work we bid him God speed, and invoke in his behalf that grace which is an ever ready help in time of need.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, OSWEGO, Oct. 10, '82.

FROM MAYOR MORRISON.

To Whom it May Concern.

The bearer hereof, Edward Lee, is well known to me as a christian gentleman, and in every way worthy of confidence and respect.

CLARK MORRISON, Mayor.

Also the following, from Grace Church :

We, the minister, the officers, the members of Grace church, Oswego, together with all who are accustomed to worship here, or who are worshipping with us at this farewell service, desire to record our regret that so good a man, so efficient a worker, so true a friend, is about to leave us.

We feel bound to concur in Mr. Lee's decision, because we believe his marching orders are from the Captain of his salvation.

We would testify our cordial appreciation of what Mr. Lee has done, the work he has done and in many ways, and the spirit of it all during the nine years of his residence here.

We claim to know the man. And we unhesitatingly endorse him as a thoroughly consecrated person.

We commend him to the ready confidence and christian sympathy of all those among whom he may live and labor.

We bid him good-bye with a hearty God-speed.

And this we pray : That his love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment ; that he may approve things that are excellent ; that he may be sincere and without offence till the day of Christ ; being filled with the fruits of righteousness which are by Jesus Christ unto the glory and praise of God.

HENRY H. STEBBINS,

Minister of Grace Church for himself and all concerned.

Sunday evening, Sept. 25, 1887.

The following was also handed me on my departure :

OFFICE OF CITY CHAMBERLAIN, OSWEGO.

I am pleased to recommend the bearer, Edward Lee, to any community to which he may go. During nine years we have daily seen evidences of his work.

CHARLES NORTH, Mayor.

N. W. NUTTING, Congressman.

B. DOOLITTLE, Police Commissioner.

JAMES DOYLE, Chief of Police.

M. P. NEAL, Ex-Mayor and Merchant.

A. H. FAILING, Ex-Mayor and Merchant.

W. D. SMITH, Commissioner of Works.

D. M. IRWIN, Commission Merchant.

ELISHA B. POWELL, City Attorney.

JOHN C. CHURCHILL, Justice Supreme Court.

JAMES GIBBS, Police Commissioner.

A. N. BEADLE, Sheriff.

C. N. BULGER, Recorder.

E. J. HAMILTON, Sec'y Board of Education.

D. H. JUDSON, Ex-Mayor and Merchant.

CYRUS WHITNEY, Ex-County Judge.
JOHN T. MOTT, Pres. First Nat'l Bank.
JAMES SLOAN, Oswego Shade Cloth Co.
SWITS CONDE, Manufacturer.
S. B. JOHNSON, Com. Merchant and Miller.
O. F. GAYLORD, Com. Merchant.
THEO. IRWIN, JR., Com. Merchant.
JOHN A. BARRY, Editor.
W. A. RICHARDSON, Capt. of Police.
W. A. POUCHER, Ex-Assemblyman.
R. J. OLIPHANT, Printer and Book Binder.
T. P. KINGSFORD, Oswego Starch Factory.
D. C. LITTLEJOHN, Ex-Member of Congress.
GILBERT MOLLISON, Local Normal Board.
JAMES DOWDLE, Ex-Mayor.
EDWIN ALLEN, Ex-Mayor and Lawyer.
JULES WENDELL & SONS, Jewelers.
I. B. POUCHER, Collector of Customs.
N. M. ROWE, Deputy Collector of Customs.
W. H. CORREGAN, Merchant.
E. A. SHELDON, Principal Normal School.
P. W. CULLINAN, Ex-Assemblyman.
CLARK MORRISON, Ex-Mayor.
M. L. WRIGHT, County Judge.

And I treasure the following letter as one of my jewels :

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 22, 1887.

I have pleasure in writing this letter because it relates to a gentleman who has my earnest respect and admiration. That gentleman is Mr. Edward Lee, for several years a resi-

dent of this city, and for the past nine years the incumbent of the office known as City Missionary.

Mr. Lee is a notable example of what a man may do for himself and for others, and how surely he can lift himself in the intellectual and social scale if he has the desire and the will to do so. From the most unpropitious conditions in early life Mr. Lee has speedily builded up a good name until that name has come to stand for a reputation most creditable and not a little remarkable.

As a result of this Mr. Lee can count troops of friends in this community who thoroughly believe in him and confide in him, and are ready to stand by him. They know him to be worthy of their best support and confidence, because they know of his usefulness in conserving the morality of this city and the cause of the religion he preaches and consistently practices. Universal regret is therefore felt at his departure, but since it is known that he goes to a wider field there is general concurrence in the wisdom of his going. It is perhaps superfluous to add that Mr. Lee carries with him the benedictions of all who know him, and most surely he deserves them all, and more.

GEO. B. SLOAN.

To all whom it may concern.

At a meeting of the Congregational church, held previous to my departure, Rev. Frank Russell presented me with an elegant gold-headed cane, appropriately inscribed, and Hon. O. J. Harmon and A. H. Failing made pleasant remarks. I answered as well as I could.

Just before I took the train for New York, Mr. Niel Gray met me on the street and asked me to step into Corregan's store a moment. There I met Mr. Charles H. Bond, who thrust a big envelope into my hand, and got away before I had time to understand what had happened. It contained \$75 and the following :

We believe it is our duty, as it is our pleasure, to bear witness to the efficient, fearless and untiring manner in which Mr. Edward Lee has performed his duties as City Missionary in this city. We believe the amount of good he has done cannot be properly estimated. We regret that circumstances cause him to leave us. He carries with him our best wishes for his success in his new field of labor, and for his prosperity. As evidence that we mean what we say, we beg he will accept the accompanying amount, which we take great pleasure in subscribing. Signed :

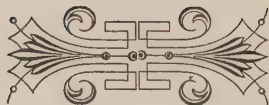
NIEL GRAY,
JAMES SLOAN,
SWITS CONDE,
D. P. FAIRCHILDS,
GEORGE E. WATKIN,
J. B. McMURRICH,
A. COOPER,
D. C. LOOMIS,

E. A. VAN HORNE,
C. H. BOND,
GARD. T. LYON,
H. S. WRIGHT,
T. WALPOLE,
JOHN STODDARD,
C. C. BUEL,
CHARLES OTT,

E. MONEN.

I might multiply accounts of the beneficence of my good friends in Oswego, but that will do, except that I cannot close this chapter without testifying to the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Bond, who have been my constant friends.

I do not set this down with any spirit of selfishness, but to show to the people of my native city that I have fairly earned any good reputation I may have gained, and have a right to feel that I have lived down the errors of my boyish years, and with these testimonials to back me I went.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE MISSION FIELD IN THE BOWERY—THE WORK WHICH WAS LAID OUT FOR ME THERE.

Dr. A. F. Schauffler, D. D., was the head of City Mission work in New York City and the object of this Mission was to touch the densely populated portions of Manhattan Island below 14th street. He had heard of me in some way, and the result was a call to do Mission work on the Bowery, among the lodging houses which hung out the sign, "Clean beds 15 cents; rooms 25 cents a night." Dr. Schauffler stated that fifteen years ago none of these places were in existence, and now they fairly swarm. Between Cooper Union and the *Staats Zeitung* office are over 5,000 beds in these houses. They are only for men, understand—5,000 men who are houseless and homeless, and probably a new 5,000 occupy these places every month. These men needed help, and it was to work among them that I was called to New York and met Dr.

Schauffler, and he pointed out the work he expected me to do. He did not want me to try it unless I felt strong enough to face it. He told me to go and preach in Broome street Tabernacle, Dewitt Memorial, corner of Rivington and Cannon, and at Olivett church on Second street. Dr. Schauffler turned up in every audience, apparently studying me, and when I got through he said he wanted me in this particular ground along the Bowery. He described it to me and yet at that time he could not have known half that might be told about these dens of dirt and wickedness.

Dr. Schauffler knew that he was giving me a hard task. He had worked in this field so long that he knew that in this street, the Bowery, between the points I have mentioned, lurked all sorts of evil men. I found it so, too, when I set out to visit these places. "All sorts and conditions of men," says Dr. Schauffler in the *City Mission Monthly*, "are to be found here. College graduates, professors, ministers, lawyers, physicians, all these may be found among them. Dissolute characters, honest men pecuniarily stranded for the time being, victims of alcoholism, young and honest countrymen in search of employment—all are there.

For them there has been so far no systematic effort made. Our society has now taken the matter in hand and placed a competent visitor in the field whose duty it is to hunt the men up and in every way possible lend them a helping hand. Surely no man has a grander parish than this ! Churches are sometimes sad because they contain more women than men. This brother, however, will have a parish where he will come in contact with not a single woman. When he has worked into the field somewhat minutely we shall give the results of some of his discoveries to our friends that will be interesting."

Here was indeed a field for Missionary work. Eight thousand men who had never been prayed with, and to whom the gospel was never preached ! When I looked over those houses and found there men of learning in rags and filth, the sight was repulsive enough, and at first I thought I could scarcely face it. The idea of such men being mixed up with cut-throats and thieves, as they must be in these places, was terrible. But, I told Dr. Schauffler I would undertake the work and was ready to go at it at once. He told me plainly that it was a dangerous field, but I was not new in such scenes

and told him that I would break it for him. I found a home for my wife and little girl in a flat on East Seventh street, between Second and Third avenues and made them as comfortable as they could be, who had been accustomed to green fields and waving trees. Dr. Schaufler told me that I must do the work in my own way, that he would not undertake to tell me what to do. He asked me if I was afraid, and I told him honestly that nothing ever frightened me in work of this kind. My labors commenced at 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning and I kept on the go until 11 or 12 o'clock, tramping here and there, up and down the Bowery, in the midst of fights and filth and abominations of every description. "All sorts and conditions of men" indeed, and some of them the sharpest, keenest roosters you ever saw. My first week was spent in walking and talking and getting acquainted. Then, when I began to know them I said: "Boys, I am here to show you something you have never seen—something that will do you good and make you better." I picked out tracts for them and in doing this I was careful to give them something that did not have too much theology or learning in it, for that would frighten them at once. "Buy your own

Cherries," "The Devil's Toboggan Slide," and tracts of that sort which conveyed a moral as the kernel of an interesting story. I got out some large cards with a tag on them reading: "I am the Missionary along the Bowery, Chatham Square, Park Row and South Fifth Avenue," and giving them in my name an invitation to attend the meetings at the Broome street Tabernacle; and these cards I hung up in the reading rooms of the various lodging houses which I visited.

What is the Broome street Tabernacle? It is a great church on the corner of Broome and Center streets. In addition to the church proper, there are various other appliances for the furtherance of Mission Work. It has a good gymnasium, with classes for boys, girls and adults, under competent instructors, a good library and reading-room, cooking and sewing classes, and "Bands of Hope." It is open for some form of christian charity every day in the year, and it was to get men to attend services at this grand edifice that formed a part of my work. In putting up these cards and giving them the small ones I introduced myself, and was soon well known. When I first commenced my work the clerks in the lodging houses laughed,

for they seemed to think that their class of customers were hardly the ones upon whom Missionaries could work with much effect. I remember how they stared at me when I first went into one of these houses and asked permission to sing, but most of them liked music, and after I had sung: "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" they began to listen and gave me good attention, when I explained the object of my visit and entreated them to lead better lives. Then I started a new idea. I went to the keepers of the lodging houses and asked permission to put up racks and place bibles in the houses. They were perfectly astonished, but made no objection. The racks were made out of wire, and I got bibles from the Society, and took a tough fellow with me to help, and we put up the racks and bibles; and in a short time there was a bible in every house, where the bible had never been before. Then I went down to Olivett church, where they have a fine choir of ladies and gentlemen, and invited them to go to these lodging houses in the Bowery. It took them by surprise, and at first they refused, but after a little persuasion on my part they consented, and I got a choir of thirteen ladies and six gentlemen.

We went to the Salem House, and it was an

astonisher to the toughs and bums there when I led in that choir of refined ladies and gentlemen, and they commenced to sing. But, tough as the crowd was, they gave the best attention. At the Palace—these places delight in names of that kind—they had an old, tumble-down organ, and we went there next. The place was owned by an old German Jew, and you should have seen his face when I led the choir in! But they were delighted with the music, and we had a good time. Some of the places were too filthy for the ladies, and to such places I took only gentlemen—Prof. Kelsey, Prof. Crump and four other gentlemen. The place we first visited was “The Windsor,” No. 34 Bowery, about as filthy a house as I ever got into. But the choir entered into the spirit of the thing, and when they sang: “Sowing the Seed,” the waifs and strays in this abandoned place gathered around us and listened with rapt attention. And then I read and prayed with them, and they entreated us to come again. From there we went to the Kingston House, in Chatham Square, which is kept by an Italian named Cox. At No. 89, in the same street, I found filth piled up several inches deep on the floors, and in that place I found a

man named Taylor, who had once occupied a good position in society, but had been debased by drink until he had come down to these lodging houses. For five years this man had abandoned his wife and family, and thought there was no salvation for him. But, by talking to him pleasantly, and leading him by slow degrees, I got him to the Tabernacle, and he signed the pledge and reformed. And, to-day, that man is living happily with his family in Brooklyn. Another man, I remember, William Martin, I ran into as manager in the "Arcade," 317 Bowery. This man had a pair of cork legs, but in spite of his crippled condition had managed to make for himself the reputation of a hard man. I had put a bible in a rack there, and the next time I came through it was gone. I asked Martin what had become of it, and he said: "By George, they have stolen it." I went through the reading room, and found one of the worst of the lot stowed away in a corner, reading the bible earnestly. Martin was so astonished that he cried out: "My God, Tom; you reading the bible! I thought it was stolen." He looked up and said: "Yes—'sprised to see me reading this, of course—tell you one thing, though, I'd like to steal some of the promises in it."

Seeing that we looked astonished, he went on: "I was brought up on this book until I was sixteen years old." I talked to him, but found him despondent. He said there was no redemption for such as he. But I talked to him kindly and told him that he had manhood enough in him to make a man of himself yet, and that I was the one to help him and start him in the right way. I promised to get him some clothing, so that he could go out on the street and get him a stand on the corner and give him a start. He thought over the matter and promised to come to the Tabernacle where we were holding meetings. Martin was angry with him, for he thought he was only playing me for a sucker and said to him: "What are you guying about? Tell the man you have been in every Mission in town looking for a bowl of soup!" But, he seemed in earnest, and I got him to the Tabernacle at the Monday night meeting and he was one of the first who signed the pledge. He got a job on the aqueduct, and one night I met him on the Bowery, "clothed and in his right mind" four months from the time he signed. He hailed me and called my attention to his altered appearance, and he was so changed that I did not know him. He was dressed up and

shaved and said he had been thinking it over and might hit that other business yet (meaning religion). He said he was going down to the Arcade to show Martin what a tough could do who really tried to reform. I have confidence that this man kept his pledge. I told him to "Hold the Fort" and let him go his way.



CHAPTER XX.

THE WORK OF A STREET MISSIONARY—INCIDENTS AND SCENES
IN MY NIGHTLY TRAMP.

I dropped into the Windsor, 34 Bowery, one night, and caught a whiff of an effluvia which was enough to knock a man down. When I went in the gang were engaged in a lively fight, and, as I stepped into the room, there was a little lull, long enough for one of them to say : “ Who the —— are you ? ” When I said “ Hello, boys ; what are you fighting about ? ” I told them my business, and one of them stuttered : “ What in —— is a Missionary ? ” I asked him if he had a mother, and the tough broke down—you can generally catch the worst of them on that—and said he had the best mother in the world, and he would like to hear any one say anything against it. That settled it, and they made me welcome, and I sang for them, and gave them as good a talk as I knew how. After that I told them that if they would agree to

behave themselves, I would bring down my choir of gentlemen to sing to them. I kept my word, too, and never had better attention than they gave to us. I afterward got Dr. Schauffler down to this place, and he wrote it up in his *Monthly*, but the stench was frightful; weak stomachs could not stand it!

In the December number of the *Monthly* Dr. Schauffler says:

“Mr. Edward Lee has been assigned to the Bowery lodging house work. He reports, as the result of his first canvass, the visitation of every lodging house from Cooper Union to Chatham Square. In that district 5,000 men lodge every night. By a rough estimate, one-quarter of these men are working men, in receipt of good wages, their ruin being drink; about one in twenty is a college graduate; some lawyers; some doctors; others in other professions. Bad luck and bad habits, for the most part, have brought them where they are. He finds quite a number of young fellows who have come from the country, “to get rich and see city sights.” In the latter purpose they have succeeded, while in the former they have failed. One man was formerly a Sunday-school superintendent in a Methodist church of this city. Others have been found who have families in town, but whose wives have fairly driven them out because of inebriety. Very many are from Christian households, having had praying parents. To all a kindly invitation has been given to attend the house of God, and in not a few instances the invitation has been accepted. Gospel Temperance meetings seem to be best adapted to their wants, and

to these we find it easier to bring them at first. This work is only just begun, but thus far it brings promise of good success."

I got the Doctor to lead in prayer when he visited this house and I did the talking. We held these meetings on Sunday afternoons.

At the Eureka, 280 Bowery, I got acquainted with "Doc" Sheppard, a brilliant fellow who had been a great politician but had dropped step by step until he became a confirmed sot and bummer. He could talk earnestly and well upon almost any subject, and I took a great interest in him and got him to go to Jerry McAuley's Mission, where a man named Hadley was holding meetings. Finally I induced him to go to the "Christian Home," a refuge for intemperate men. After that I lost sight of him.

In the Eureka I fell in with two young Englishmen who were cousins, and had become confirmed drunkards. The names don't matter much—the men who come down to these lodging houses seldom go by their right names, and I have known them to give seven different names in as many nights. I got these men into the Missions and they signed the pledge and left the city, a thing which I always tried to persuade them to do.

There is one class of people whom Missionaries must avoid—gangs who work the churches and pretend to be converted, and make a living that way year in and year out. I got on to this gang early in my work, and it did not take me long to figure one of them out and run him down. They are despicable characters, and many worthy people, who are trying to do good, waste their charity upon them. Of course there are many worthy subjects, and it is difficult for people who do not understand the tricks of these men to separate the chaff from the wheat. But, I had very good success in that line.

In one of these places I found a broad-shouldered young Swede, one of the finest looking men I ever met and who interested me very much. He was of good family, his father being a Bishop of the German Lutheran church in his own country, and two of his brothers being in the ministry. He was full of learning, and could speak fluently in six languages and had been brought to this by drink. I talked to him a good deal and got his history. He had fallen so low that he would stand on the street corners and beg for pennies to buy whiskey. I finally got him to the Tabernacle, and gave him some lodgings and meal tickets, but he suddenly dis-

appeared, and I never met him in any of the lodging houses.

In the Cunard, No. 4 Rivington street, two doors from the Bowery, I met a queer character named Russell. He was a six-footer and was floor walker in charge of one of the floors in the lodging house, and his business was to keep order in the place. I got him to join the Mission, but he "busted," and his watch and everything else had gone to satisfy his appetite. I noticed that he had a magnificent bass voice, and he told me that he had been an opera singer, and had appeared in first-class companies, and in Philadelphia church choirs, until his appetite got the best of him. I determined to try and do something for this man. I went to Prof. Crump and talked to him about Russell, and got him interested, and he gave him a place in his choir. He sang several times and gave great satisfaction, but one day he came to me and said he had made up his mind he could not quit drinking and stay in New York, and was going to strike out for himself. He left the city, and I got a postal from him in Boston saying that he had not hit anything yet, but was going to keep on until he did. At any rate, he was bound to "hold the fort." I never heard from him again.

Another peculiar fellow I picked up in "The Palace." He was a good painter, and a "Jack of all trades," and I helped him a little, but fearing that he would break out again if he staid in the city, I got him to go over on Long Island, and from there he went to Jersey, and the last I heard from him he was doing well.

I went over to South Fifth Avenue, four blocks from the Bowery, on Bleeker street, just before Thanksgiving to help some young ladies who wanted to give the boys a Thanksgiving dinner. They asked me to pick out one hundred from the lodging houses whom I thought the most worthy and bring them to the feast they had prepared. I had a long list to choose from, but selected them, and the feast was spread in the Tabernacle. It was a strange thing to see the ragged regiment I brought in, and the look on their faces when they saw turkey and fruit and all the delicacies of the season spread for them. It was an enjoyment to me to see those fellows eat, and those beautiful young ladies waiting on them. It was a great success.

Among those who partook of that feast was an old man named McClosky, who had relatives in Syracuse, but who had become stranded in New York, where he came for work. I caught

him by that turkey dinner and held him. He told me if he could get to Syracuse he had friends there who would take care of him, and I took him to the Board of Charities, Fourth Avenue and Eleventh street, and they gave him a pass to the salt city. I got the following letter from him from Cleveland, Oswego County, and will not spoil it by trying to correct the spelling :

CLEVELAND, OSWEGO Co., Dec. 15, 1887.

MR. LEEA KIND FRIEND :

I trid to seea you before i left new York, but, failed to do so. So i left new Yor on the first of this munth and arrived in Syrecuse in due time i stopee with a neice of mine their a weeke. So I came over heir to stob with a brother of mine to spend the holidays and with all probilitey for all the winter please remember me to all of the kind friends and brothers in Christ and temprance and aspeciley all the kind yung peopel who was so good to provide for all of the poor unfortuneds me for one on thanksgiving day as for myself I will always remember and pray for them with best wishes and good will to all Brothers and Sisters in Christ and temprance in hopes to heir from you in return i Remain as ever an humble Servant and a brother in Christ."

A homely letter, but it came from the heart. I answered it, of course, but have lost track of the old man.

There was another chap who was caught by that Thanksgiving dinner. I have often heard men sneer about feeding prisoners with turkey,

but I know that a kindness done to a man who is in trouble, a kindness which fills an empty stomach, does more good than the presentation of a religious tract. Some of them are frauds, of course, but that is to be expected. The man I speak of—his name was Brennan—was thirty-five years old. When I picked him up he was ragged and dirty, but he was hungry as well, and I never heard such expressions of gratitude from any one, as fell from his lips. It was absolutely the means of saving him and changing his life. He said that when he went to that place and saw that feast spread, and those beautiful young ladies waiting on that gang of ragged ruffians, he made up his mind that he at least would change, and he did it. And there is not a neater looking man on the Bowery than he is to-day.

Another man I picked up at the Cunard had a good mother in Harlem, and I touched him first by talking of her. He had been on an awful drunk and had used money belonging to his employers. When he began to realize what he had done he was very penitent, but said there was no hope for him; they would never take him back after what he had done. From what he said I made up my mind that his employers

were good men, and determined to risk going to them and talking the matter over. I found them just the kind of men I expected, not only willing, but anxious to give him a show. They said he was a splendid man and much valued by them, were it not for this one failing. They said he might come next day and they would give him the chance he wanted. He was afraid to tackle it—afraid he might not be able to keep his good resolutions, but I argued with him and persuaded him to go back. He was still at work for them and doing good work when I left New York. He was a good man in the Missions, and was attending them all over the city.

Among the men I met at the Palma—Bowery near Hester street—was a man named Burr. He had formerly lived near Saratoga, but had drifted down to New York and would disappear for three or four weeks at a time. Just before the great blizzard I missed him from his accustomed haunts, and did not see him for three months, when I met him, and to my surprise he was all pitted with small pox. He had caught it in one of these lodging dens and had been in a hospital. He talked freely to me and said he was not afraid to do it, because I never tried to choke my opinions down a man. He determined

to try and reform and I took him to Olivett church and Dr. Kinney took him in hand, and he was doing well when I came away.

At the Y. M. C. A. rooms, No. 243 Bowery, a branch of the parent society, where they take in promising subjects and give them lodgings and plain food for a week to see what can be done for them, I talked for the Secretary a dozen times and several men rose for prayers. Across the street is the Young Men's Institute, another branch, where they have a fine gymnasium and school. I talked there several nights. In the Woman's Home, corner of Second Avenue and Fifth street, conducted by the Episcopal church, I also spoke several times. I went into the Water Street Mission and spoke to the ragged fellows who congregated there and they always gave me excellent attention. They beat any Methodist church I ever went into for shouting. The Mission is in charge of H. D. Hadley. "Land and Sea" is a large church at the corner of Henry and Market streets. I went there to organize Gospel Temperance meetings. The assembly was composed of sailors, tough old tars, but very earnest, and forty-three members signed the pledge. Regular meetings have been held there ever since.

I also spoke in the Baptist Marine Temple on Chatham Square and for Child's Lodging House Mission, 36 Bowery. It was a tough crowd, the hardest with which I ever got in contact, but they seemed to like me and we soon got acquainted.



CHAPTER XXI.

RUNNING DOWN FRAUDS—INTERESTING INCIDENTS IN THE
LODGING HOUSES OF THE BOWERY.

I told Dr. Schauffler that there was a way to knock out the frauds who went around and worked Missions and were only after the loaves and fishes. In furtherance of my plan, a meeting was held at the Bible House, and Rev. Warren Walpole was appointed a Committee to station a man in the Bowery and then let the Mission send their tickets to this individual, and to no one else. They wanted me to take it, but I had more work than I could do and refused. They picked out a good man for the duty, and, as I expected, he soon got so well acquainted with these rounders that it was not easy for them to fool him. There was a lady who had started a Mission in connection with the Holy Trinity church, and she asked me to come up there and look over her crowd. I went up Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, and although I

expected to find some of my lambs, I was surprised to see eighty-one of them, who came from my parish in the Bowery. I looked them over and said : " Boys, you have come a good ways after a feed." She had a good spread for them and you ought to have seen those fellows eat. When they had stuffed themselves all they could, they wanted to sneak away, but I planted myself in the door and drove them all back into the meeting room and told them that all who came up there for grub should take their dessert in the shape of preaching and praying. Then the lady opened with a prayer and singing, and I gave them a talk. I knew just what to say to that gang, and told them that I could always tell by the expression of a man's face whether he was in earnest or not and could divide those who meant well from those who did not. I warned the lady, in future, not to let a man get away until he had taken his "dessert." Afterward the vestry got tired of having this tough gang in the church and she was obliged to get a hall.

In the Eureka I found a man who had indeed fallen from a high estate. He had been Superintendent of the Seventh street Methodist church Sunday school for years, and had been brought

to this state by the love of strong drink. It was one of the living and breathing temperance lectures a Missionary often meets with in the Bowery.

Coming out of the Great Northerner near the Eureka, one night, a man chased me out of the building. It was raining hard, but he wanted to talk to me. He said I was the most persistent Missionary he had ever met, and he had heard me say so much that he had made up his mind that there was a better way of living, even for a man like him. He told me that he had a good mother and a good home in the West, but he had been so debased by drink that he was ashamed to go to it or to ask his mother to take him back. I encouraged him to sign the pledge and then go to work and earn enough money to take him home, and to leave New York, with all its vice and sin and folly, forever. I got him a job at which, with economy, he could soon earn enough to take him home. I never saw him on the Bowery again after that. It was always my aim to get these men out into the country as soon as possible. It seemed impossible for some of them to reform while they staid in New York.

Another young man in whom I got very

much interested I found in "The Victoria," near the Palma. His mother lived in Wisconsin. He had wandered away from home and had been bumming around Boston and New York until he was strapped and had come down to the lodging houses. I got into conversation with him and made up my mind he had good stuff in him. I invited him to come to the temperance meetings in the Tabernacle and told him that if he did not like it he need not come again. He accepted the invitation, and got interested. A lady from Harlem, Miss Huntington, was giving out the pledges that night and fifteen signed, and he was one of them. He kept coming to the meetings and at last testified for Christ, and was one of the brightest men we had. He was doing so well that I asked him if he had not better write to his mother and tell her what he was doing. He was ashamed to do it, but said that if I would write a few lines, signing it as a City Missionary, she would believe that he was telling her the truth. I told him to write to her for money to come home. I wrote a short letter which he enclosed with his and sent it away. In about ten days he got a beautiful "mother's letter," such a letter as only a mother could write, enclosing the money

for his journey and begging him to come home immediately. He started with tears in his eyes and later I was pleased to get a letter from him, saying that he was doing well in his old home. The mother also wrote me a delightful letter, full of the thanks of a mother for the salvation of her boy.

In the "Phoenix," 53 Bowery, I met an Englishman who was traveling under the name of Joe Brown. He was a comical fellow, full of quaint wit, and I tackled him in his own way. I said: "Take a tumble to yourself. I understand you kind of men like a book. You haven't had the advantages of some men and have been brought up rough, and I want to help you." He chaffed with me a while and wanted to know if there was anything in religion. I tried to show him that there was, and told him what he might be if he would only make a start. I had to talk to him a good deal before I could get him to the Tabernacle, but when he got there he was interested, signed the pledge and became a man again.

I soon found that it was useless to talk religious meeting to this kind of men. They will go the Gospel Temperance, but religion is beyond their depth at first. After getting inter-

ested in the temperance work, the rest follows naturally. That is the way I got on with Timberman & Turner the men who owned the Phoenix and Palma houses. They were very much averse at first to letting me in, and seemed to regard me as a spy, but I told them that I had got in everywhere else and that the papers were writing up these houses, but I had nothing to do with that and wanted to get in and hold meetings. They laughed at the idea of my making any impression upon their crowd, but said I had shown that I had judgment and would not interfere with the manner in which their houses were run, and that I might try it. To that house I took my choir of thirteen ladies and seven gentlemen. It was a terrible mob, but we did them good, I hope. At the time we went to the Phoenix there were 125 lodgers in it and the lot gave splendid attention while a lady named Haskell, who trained the choir, sang a solo. The toughs stood around with their mouths open, for they had never heard such music. Then I read to them and gave them a short talk in the reading room. When I said : "How many here wants a prayer?" up went every hand in the room. The toughest of them were weeping when the sweet music of the choir

sounded through the dingy and filthy room. They were eager for more, and begged us to come again, and Mr. Timberman was so well pleased with the effect that he said we might hold a meeting there every Sunday if we liked. In that way the field was opened and I got the good will of the men I had most reason to dread, and they would never allow me to be interfered with.

I went to Annex Hall, near Cooper Union and preached there twice. It is the church temperance society and is led by a man named Graham. I also went to the Seventh street church and preached there a few times and the toughs, when they heard of it, would follow me down from the Bowery. It was an exciting thing all through, and kept me at high pressure all the time, and I saw but little of my home after nine o'clock in the morning. I was called here and there by people who wanted my style of work, to start Gospel Temperance meetings and to speak to men who would not listen for a moment to a polished speaker. I went down to Dyer street, at the foot of Chatham and the Bowery, where five ladies wanted to start a Mission. The neighborhood was crowded with negroes, and when they crushed into a room

fourteen feet square, you may imagine the result. But I held several meetings there and got a number of people to come to the Tabernacle. I carried invitations to Gospel Temperance meetings and gave them to the people I met in these out of the way places. Once I had a sad errand—to preach the funeral sermon of a little girl, nine years old, who had died in a wretched tenement in Forsyth street. She had attended the Missions, and the ladies wanted me to go there. The rooms were in the third story, back, in a tenement house, and the people crowded in to hear the sermon. The father, who looked like a bum, wore a grand army badge. I knew what to say to him, and though he was sulky at first, I got a promise out of him to come to the Tabernacle with his family. He kept his word, and brought the children to the Sabbath school. After that they commenced going to Olivett church, which was closer than the Tabernacle, and I lost sight of them.

A Mission lady wanted me to go down and see a drayman who had lost two or three drays through the drink habit. It was off my beat, but I went to Sullivan street and found the place. The family was destitute, only a crust on the table, and the mother there with a little

babe. It was a hard struggle, but I appealed to his manhood to throw off the habit and work for his wife and child. After a while I got him on his knees and we prayed, and he signed the pledge for the sake of his wife and child. I called a few times, and then handed him over to the Missions to take care of. He straightened up and was all right when I left the city.

In Mulberry street a man was dying, and a lady came and begged me to come. I was very much worn out, but consented. I found the man stretched on a poor bed. He said he had never attended church since he left Philadelphia. He was not a bad man—only hard up and he asked me to pray for him. I did what I could for him and turned him over to Messrs. Grant and Dooley when they came back.

About that time a German woman asked me to go down to the lower end of Mulberry street and see her husband. It was in "Italian Town," a disreputable quarter. He had given up all hope of reform, but I talked to him and told him that there was hope for any man who would help himself. He had been to Broome street Tabernacle, but had relapsed, and his wife said she would live with him no longer. I told him that there was just one chance for him—to let

his wife go to her friends, and go himself to the Christian Union. He consented and remained there ten weeks, and then went into Jersey, where his wife was. I was always glad to get such men out of the city.

There was one young fellow I found in a lodging house. He had a very bad foot and had been on the tramp. I took him to 243 Bowery, to Mr. Coon, and told him that he must help him. We got him into the hospital, and as soon as he looked at him the doctor said he was going to die. Then he told me who he was—the son of a doctor in London, England, who had been a wayward boy and wandered away from home. We telegraphed to the address he gave us and got an answer to do all we could for him. But dissipation had undermined his constitution, and he died.

I used to work some among the “Whyho gang,” and if there is any tougher class of men on earth, I never met them. But, bad as they were, utterly without conscience or any idea of right or wrong, the fellows always treated me well. There are many pick-pockets among them and they used to work in front of the “Great London store,” corner of Bowery and Hester. There was one queer duck who used to

beg there, and one day he tackled me for money. I wanted to catch him and had more fun with him than a little. He would rush up to me and cry: "Say mister, give me a cent," and then run for his life, never waiting for the penny. I chased him, but he always got away.

Another fellow of this gang tackled me for something to eat. He meant something to drink, and I knew it. There was a restaurant near by and I told him to go with me and I would fill him up. He grumbled at that and wanted me to give him five cents, so that he could go and get the grub himself. I kept on, and when we got to the restaurant he bolted, saying that if I would not trust him he would not go in; but I had seen too many of his kind to be fooled easily.

At the "Northerner," not far from the Planters, I found a ragged fellow named Smith. He was smarter than a steel trap and I gave him a ticket for lodgings and caught him with it. Those fellows generally are grateful for favors done them. I found out that he was a printer, and a good one, and began to look out for something for him to do. A gentleman named William Knowles, who was interested in Missions, had a printing office in that locality.

He used to come to Olivett, and I was not afraid to ask a favor of him. Smith went to work for Mr. Knowles, and now he is foreman in the office and doing first rate. I found out afterward that his wife was living in the country and owned a farm there, but he had wandered away and came to the lodging houses at last.

One night I stepped into the Northerner and saw a seedy looking man sitting at one of the tables, playing dominoes. He looked at me in a curious way and I looked at him, and it struck me that I had seen him before. He knew me, too, and at first seemed ashamed and then addressed me by my name and I remembered him. I had known him in Syracuse, where he had a splendid situation on one of the city papers, and used to come to my meetings sometimes. His failing was drink and cards, and by it he had lost his situation and sunk lower and lower in the social scale, until he had become the wreck he was when I saw him. He came once or twice to the Tabernacle and then suddenly disappeared, and I never saw him again.

In one of these lodging houses I ran into George White, an Oswego barber. He was a queer genius, always getting into trouble and slipping out of it in an oily way which I never

could understand. He struck me for a lodging ticket and got it, but I found out later that he never used it, and had it with him, and was showing it to his friends when he came back to Oswego. It was more than I could do to understand that fellow. The last I heard of him he was talking of going over Niagara Falls, but I don't believe he was fool enough to try it.



CHAPTER XXII.

OTHER LODGING HOUSES—TRAMPS AND TALKS HERE AND THERE.

I often met men at the lodging houses whom I had seen in other cities. A man who has knocked around the country as I have sees many faces, and it is difficult to place all of them. A big, broad-shouldered fellow came up to me in the Tabernacle, and called me by name, and said he knew me well, and was employed to cut stone on the Capitol, at Albany, when I was holding meetings there, and used to come to hear me talk. I got him a job in the navy yard, although I had not seen him since 1875. After he commenced to work there he began going to church near by, and I lost sight of him.

Crossing the Brooklyn bridge one day, I met W. W. Harmon, a little lawyer, who used to live in Oswego, but was at work in some office in New York. He got me off on a wild goose chase after six girls, who were said to

have been imported from England as ballet girls, but who were missing somehow. I never could track them, and don't think there was anything in the yarn. I went over to the Kiralfy's to look for a girl named Richards, who had run away from London and was wanted by her friends. If the girl was there, she managed nicely to keep out of the way, for I did not find her.

At the "Globe," just below Mott street, in Park Row, I got acquainted with a man named Ashton. He was one of these "Smart Alecks," and started in to guy me. I caught him on his own racket, and when he said religion would not feed a fellow, I told him that I would prove to him that if he signed the pledge, and made a man of himself, he would have plenty of grub and good clothes. He laughed, and made a joke of it, but I managed to get him into the Broome street Tabernacle, and he turned out quite a good fellow, kept his pledge, and went to work in the Washington Market, and the end of it was that he got the good clothes, as well as the grub I promised him. He never professed to get religion.

You go into the Glenmore, corner of Chatham Square and Mott street, from the latter

street. The place had 250 lodgers, and a man named Smith kept it—I ran into a man of that name now and then in New York. In that place I struck a fellow who answered to the name of “Joe.” He was full of native wit, and laughed at the idea of making anything out of a man like him. I tried to show that man what drink cost him, but it was hard work. He was as slippery as an eel, and promised several times to come to the meetings, but always sneaked. At last I got him to Broome street, and set the ladies to talk to him, Miss Huntington among the number. He would not sign the pledge the first night, because he said he was half full, and if he signed he could not keep it. He liked the singing, and wept when Miss Huntington spoke to him of his mother, but still refused to sign. The next time I met him he was as drunk as a lord, and said he had “hit a banana down there,” and was rushing the growler at a great rate. I liked him all the better for refusing to sign when he knew he could not keep the pledge, and I would not give that man up. It was full a month before we got him, but he signed at last, and we were all much pleased. We got a job for him, dressed him up and put him to work, and, as far as I know, he kept his pledge.

At the Myers house, next to the Coliseum, I struck a dandy fellow named Perkins—a brilliant man, except for the whiskey. He had not been at it long enough to be filthy, and was quite clean yet, but going to the dogs as fast as possible. I handed him an invitation to come to the Tabernacle. He would not at first, but I stuck to him and talked to him every night. The clerk said I was wasting my time and would not be able to do anything with that fellow, but he yielded at last and went to one of the meetings, and the ladies persuaded him to go to the Gospel Temperance at Broome street. I told them to go very careful with him, for he was a hard customer, but to the surprise of everybody he walked up on Monday night and signed the pledge. I saw him afterward, and he was cashier in an eating house and a trusted employe. I think and hope he is doing well and “holding the fort.”

Then there was a newspaper man I found in one of these houses—never mind the name. It took a long time to fetch this man, but we did it at last and after he signed the pledge he turned out a brilliant speaker and delivered four temperance lectures in the Tabernacle which were as good as any I ever heard there. He

knew what had brought him down, and after giving the drink habit its due, he gave us one lecture upon gambling in general and poker in particular, which was a capital thing in its way. He knew all about it and spoke "by the card."

Among others who came to the Tabernacle was a young Jew, whose father had driven him from home because he had joined the Christian church. He was hard up, and I got him jobs on the street, to go outside doors and pass dodgers. He finally left town, and I got two letters from him in Kansas City. He had fallen in with good friends there and was all right. This man was quite an artist, and sent me a picture he made from his window.

Bowles, a man I found in the Great North-ener, was an intelligent fellow, and I took an interest in him. Odd characters live, yes, and die in these lodging houses. I remember that the son of a Governor of a Southern State died in the Coliseum. Bowles said he wished he could do my work. I told him it was hard at first, but he would get used to it. The proper way to quit drinking was to *quit*. No "tapering off" gradually would work. I got him to Dewitt Memorial church on Rivington and Cannon. He enjoyed the meetings and came often

to Olivett and Broome street. He straightened up and started for Salem.

There was another man, a splendid painter, who had got very low. I took him up and got him to 143 Bowery. Then he used to go around on the Bowery with me and help put up the racks for the bibles.

I am giving here only a few among the many, who, by this lodging house work, were induced to give up their evil ways and become sober men and often christians. Within the limits of a volume like this it would be impossible to narrate one-quarter of the work done there. People who live in the country, who see green trees, bright water and foliage every day, can have no conception of the utter degradation to which men sink in these filthy holes, which are dignified by these high-sounding names. Men come here to hide, not so much so because they have been criminals as that they have been weak. They are ashamed to face respectable men and know well that they will not be apt to meet them in these haunts. It is a safe refuge from anything respectable, unless there are men, who, like myself, go to these mud palaces to try to get men up out of the mire into which they have fallen.

Sometimes I used to go to the Christian Mission on Eighth avenue and Sixteenth street. Dr. Schauffler wanted me to go over there and talk to them. It was even worse than the Bowery, for the people mostly came out of tenement houses, and New Yorkers know what that means in the lower part of the city.

There was one man in the lodging houses who was there from choice. His name was William Martin, and he was the keeper of the Arcade, one of the most famous of these houses. He had been doing well, but got to drinking, and, while under the influence of liquor, had his legs cut off by the cars. But he would not give up drink. His wife wrote and asked me to come to the flat where they lived and talk to him. I went there and took supper with him, and argued with him on the temperance question. He acknowledged that it would be better for him to stop, but said he must leave New York to do it. I missed him after a while, and was surprised to get a letter from him from Chicago. He had braced up, and was keeping a large lodging house there, and had become a christian. He was only one of a great many. I did not tell him he was going to hell; simply tried to show him that drinking did not pay, and that

he was suffering physically and mentally by the use of liquor. That is the best way.

In the "New Home," No. 349, near Cooper Union, I picked up a man named Bishop. It would have been difficult to find a more unfavorable specimen. He was bleared-eyed, a drunkard, dirty and insectivorous; ragged, and with a shock of tangled hair—a typical tough. He wanted to know what could be done for a man like him. It did not look very promising, but I asked him to come to the meetings. They advised me to let him alone; he was too much, even, for the stomach of a Missionary, but I determined to give that man a chance. I told him the next time I came I would bring him an old pair of shoes. He said if I did that he would try and crawl up to the meetings. They said at the lodging house, afterward, that there never was a fellow more tickled. He had got down so low that he felt that every man's hand was against him, and the idea that any one would go out of his way to give him help was supremely ridiculous. I gave him the shoes. Next I carried him an old pair of pants and a vest, and, a night or two after, a coat, and so kept on until I had him rigged out quite neatly. They told me that he

seemed perfectly astounded as I brought him more things, and, after I had gone, would sit and study on it, evidently at a loss to understand it. He looked so much different when he was dressed up, that people around the lodging house did not know him. His case was a good one in point, and shows what a man may be, and what he can make of himself by his own efforts. In two months' time that man was giving temperance talks at the Missions—and he was a pretty good talker, too. He became one of the brightest men we had, and talked in all the churches below Fourteenth street.

It has always been my plan to work hard on men who at first object to going to the Missions ; the men who are perfectly willing to go and express repentance too easily, are not of much account. These fellows used to get to running after me, and even coming to the house, but I soon stopped that and told them they must go to the Tabernacle and wait for me there. I did what I could to get work for them always, but of course there were many dead-beats among them. I remember one rooster who came to me from the Globe. I believe he forged a letter and carried it to Dr. Schauffler and talked so sweet and smooth that he got the doctor inter-

ested in him. He was about as sleek a fraud as I ever struck. He said if he had \$10 he could get on a bob-tail car, as driver. He would have to deposit that amount with the company as a guarantee. I said to Dr. Schauffler : "If that fellow is honest, we will help him." I took him to the State Charities and Aid Association and got half the money and Dr. Schauffler advanced the rest, and then went up to 42d street to see the superintendent of the line he wanted to drive on. He said he would give the man a car but the money must be deposited in the name of the employe, as the company had had trouble in holding deposits of this sort before and would take no chances.

I did not like the idea, for, to tell the truth, I was not quite sure of my man. "He did protest too much," and seemed to me insincere. I deposited the money, but at the same time I got the superintendent to consent to let me know immediately if the man attempted to quit and draw out this deposit. Then I gave him some money for a cap and badge, and for meals for a few days, and he set to work. He professed to be delighted, but I think he was looking out of the corner of his eye at that \$10 all the time. The very next day the super-

intendent reported that the fun had commenced. A tough came into the office to draw the money, and had an order from the driver all right, but he was politely, but firmly, kicked out of the place. Then the driver came himself, and said he had quit work and wanted his \$10. He had not worked at all. By this time the superintendent was on to the game, and would not give it to him, and I commenced to chase that fellow, for I was determined that he should not have the money. He commenced suit against the company, and the superintendent was summoned before a justice in Chambers street, and I hurried down there to help out the street railroad man. When I got there my convert was on hand, with a crowd of his kind, but as soon as he saw me he knew the game was up, and skipped. When the case was called the superintendent explained how it was, and the case was promptly dismissed, and the money handed to me, and I gave it back to the Aid Association and Dr. Schaufler.

I remember another fellow of this kind, who was at the Cunard, and was in the habit of taking in all the Missions, and beating them all he could. He joined the Seventh street church, and the minister, who thought he was sincere,

gave him a coat. One night I happened to be in a certain place, and heard this chap telling a gang of his cronies how he got religion and beat the minister out of a coat, and was bragging about the way he worked the Missions. He didn't know me, fortunately, and I was in a position to make it lively for him. I went down to Mr. Layton, who preached in the Seventh street church, and told him about his convert, and he was horrified, of course.

I determined to make it hot for that fraud. I next saw him in Avenue A Mission and went at him at once and asked him publicly if he was going to try to stand off Mr. Stratton for a coat, as he had Mr. Layton. I told the ministers about him and put them all on to him and blocked his game so completely that his harvest was small after that. I have no use for scoundrels of that sort.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AFTER ANOTHER FRAUD — PREACHER LEONHARD IN THE BOWERY — A CONTINUATION OF THE DESCRIPTION OF THESE HOUSES.

The Bowery is full of frauds in a small way. Actually, there are men in these lodging houses who will travel long miles and wear out good shoe leather, to beat a Mission out of a bowl of soup. If all the lodgers in the Bowery were of their kind, they would not need a Missionary so much as a club. I was asked to go over to the Jane street Church, where a revival was going on, and one of these fellows had pretended to get religion, and was making quite a stir in Jane street. I went to a lady who was interested and said to her: "If you have any money to give away, don't give it to that man; he is a fraud." She was astonished when I told her that the man who was so loud in prayer here was putting in most of the time on the Bowery getting drunk. I followed that man and drove

him out of several places where he had got a foothold by hypocritical pretension of reform, and the last time I saw him was in the Cunard. I told the clerk the kind of a man he was, and he handed him back his money and booted him out. Four or five days after he was arrested as a deserter from the U. S. Army, and lugged off to barracks. I never saw him again. This fellow would cry and shout "hallelujah" and make the shingles rattle, but I knew his kind and always take pleasure in running them down.

We had lively times in the lodging houses sometimes. I took a young man with me one night who had a fancy for going about and wanted to see how I worked. We dropped into a lodging house on Park Row, and as I turned my back to tack a card on the wall two of the inmates got together and had a rough and tumble fight. I got them parted after a while, and my companion looked on in perfect horror, for he said he had never seen such a place. And when I called his attention to the super-abundance of insect life, he got sick and wanted to go away, but I kept him to the work and in time it did him good and he got used to it. I was the first Missionary who ever tackled lodging houses, as

Dr. Schauffler said in the Sunday School Convention at Rochester, where he paid me a high compliment.

One night I took a young German preacher named Leonhard and a student through several lodging houses. In the Grand Windsor he got into an argument with an old Irishman, who insisted that *he* belonged to the only true church. I stepped up to the old man and slapped him on the shoulder, told him to brace up, and talked to him about the evil of drink, and he agreed with me at once. It will not do to talk religion to men of his kind. When I went away the men called out: "Come again, Mister." Leonard said he could not bear to touch such men, but I told him that he must come down to their level to do them good, and to tell the Doctor what he saw that night on the Bowery. It always horrified some people to see me so familiar with these toughs, but when they came to see the results they were ready to acknowledge that I handled them in the right way. Some of the men would commence to joke and jibe, but I paid no attention, and continued to talk kindly to them, and had good success. I tried to show them that no man had sunk so low from the effect of drink that he could not raise himself if

he made the proper effort, and they would listen to that for it gave them hope.

One night I had been holding a meeting at Broome street Tabernacle, and was coming out when I heard some one say: "There is Ned Lee." I turned and saw George H. Schilling and Henry Freundlich, of Oswego, merchants, who had come down for a stock of goods. I asked if they would like to see a little low life in New York, and they were ready to go. I took them to the Phoenix and they stood there while I talked with my queer clients, and covered their noses to get rid of the offensive effluvia arising from the unwholesome place. When we got outside Freundlich gasped and took in the fresh air as if it was doing him good, and said he would not do that work for \$100 a night. They were surprised that so many of the waifs and strays in the Bowery knew me so familiarly. One house was enough for Freundlich and he preferred standing outside while we went in. They got enough of it soon and I piloted them back to their hotel and left them. I often met Oswego people in New York, but that was the first time I ever got them into the lodging houses, and I don't think money would hire Freundlich to go there again.

I started a revolution in Mission work when I took ladies to sing in these lodging houses. Of course I was particular, and only took them to the more pretentious places, like the Phoenix and Kingston. In this place I got hold of a young Englishman, to whom I took a fancy, and got him into Gospel Temperance. He turned out well.

About that time Billy McGlory gave out that his place was closed, and no more sporting and drinking was allowed there. I told Dr. Schauffler I did not believe it, and was going to try to get in there. The front door was closed all right, but I saw a good many persons slipping in through a barn and into a side door, and went through myself, and was walking in quietly when I found a line in the path, in the shape of a door-keeper. I begged hard to get in, but he wouldn't have it, and then I owned up who I was, and told him I wanted to get in to distribute tracts ; that I was not there as a spy, or to report what I saw there. He wouldn't let me in, and I gave him some tracts : "Buy Your Own Cherries," and "The Devil's Toboggan Slide," and you ought to have heard him laugh when he saw the titles. Next day I told Dr. Schauffler that McGlory was at the

old business, but had got a capper to run the place for him. I talked in "Land and Sea," on Henry and Market, and the old tars who frequented it, made me very welcome. I also talked in Water street to a lot of hoodlums. The Marine Temple, off Chatham Square, was another place I frequented. The minister, an Englishman, was a great worker, and his wife was as indefatigable as himself. He took an interest in my work, and used to visit the "Cunard" and "Globe" with me.

The Coliseum, 35 Bowery, near Chatham Square, had three hundred lodgers, and was tony compared with the rest. Each man had a room to himself and a little cot bed—no double deckers. In this place I found a man who pretended to be a skeptic and wanted to know what use tracts were to him. I gave him one and got him to promise to read it, and he did it. I don't know whether it did him any good or not. Then there was a theatrical bum, who had lost a leg in an accident, which spoiled him for the stage. He began by jibing and fooling at first, but I got him to the Tabernacle and set the ladies at him. They are noble workers in the temperance cause, and often succeed where the men fail, and they did in this case. When these good women

wanted to go into very tough localities they used to take me along to start the Gospel Temperance work. A portion of this work was in tenement houses, sometimes in the rear of other tenements.

In summer 5,000 people, and in winter 8,000, flock into these lodgings. They come from all quarters of the United States, and from every portion of the globe. They are all men, there being only one lodging house for women in my parish, and that on Rivington street, near the Cunard. I put some tracts in there once, and talked to the women. There are about twenty-five lodgers stopping there every night, but, as a rule, women do not live in these lodgings.

There are some places even worse than the ones I have described. Around in Pearl street I went into a house where the beds are arranged on a decidedly economic plan. Two beams run through the center of the room about six feet apart, and strips of canvass stretched between them to form a bed, and they throw the lodgers in there for seven cents a night. I went there several times and gave them tracts. Of course these places are very low, the price for lodging running up as high as twenty-five cents a night in the best places. Even the proprietors of

these cheap places make money. They keep night and day clerks, and even at these prices get rich. The gang who dwell here, as I have said, are all sorts, but a good many of them live by begging and stealing. There is no "tick" here and nobody lodges for nothing. They must either show a quarter or a ticket for lodgings, given out by the Missions and churches. By far the greater part of the lodgers start in with what they regard as a high ambition, and that is to beat somebody. I had some bad experiences at first, but after that I soon knocked the notion out of them. It requires nerve to face such a gang as that and as soon as they were satisfied that I had it, they left me alone.



CHAPTER XXIV.

A QUEER RACE OF PEOPLE—THE SCORN OF THE HOODLUM
FOR RURAL SCENES.

I was grieved at being obliged to give up my work in New York, for many reasons. During my stay in that city I made many friends, whom I hope may be my friends through life. The work, although laborious, was congenial, and somehow the waifs and strays of the Bowery seemed to take to me, and, I am confident, have missed my ministrations.

It is a grand work, and a work which will not be allowed to decline because one man, worn out by the struggle, has yielded to the inevitable, and gone into other fields.

To a man who has the Mission work at heart there are few places which can give him more solid labor than the down-town Missions of New York City.

What a field it is, when you come to think it over! Into this great city, year after year, there is a constant stream of immigration and the lower part of the city seems naturally to receive the scum and off-scourings of the foreign population. They drift down there naturally and live and die in dirt and filth, unequalled, I believe, in any American city. I may be wrong about this, but will take my chances. Certainly I saw enough degradation to give me work in plenty, and with it the assurance of more work for many years to come. The great city is still growing and as it grows the sediment drifts down into the tenement houses and filthy dens of the city and there rests. The hundreds of good men and noble women who do the Mission work of the city have their hands and their hearts full in caring for the thousands of unfortunates who need their care. They will not fail in their work and will need the aid of the purses of benevolent people of the great city, who have hearts to feel for the unfortunate who through any cause are forced to live this life of degradation.

I hope no one who reads this book, will imagine that all the people who find refuge—for they do not find homes—in the dismal places

where my work was done, are bad or evil. Many are driven there by hard fortune, by failure to obtain work, by sickness, by accidents, by any of the thousand evils which beset the pathway of the poor of great cities.

I have seen there some heroic souls, who, living perforce in an atmosphere of vice and crime, were pure men and women and good christians. They do much good in their limited way, for no one can pity so deeply the sorrows of the poor as the poor themselves. They know—none so well as they—that often people are brought here by no fault of their own, and they can even pity the unfortunate rounder who drifts from one soup house to another and to whom a second meal in the same day is a luxury which he does not expect or ask for. The shifts which these unfortunate people make in order to live at all, are sickening to all people who care for suffering humanity.

In an urban city like Oswego we think that we know something of poverty. But no; we have not learned the alphabet. We think, sometimes, we know what degradation is, but the worst case I can show you in my daily walks would hardly compare with the common low life of the metropolis. The good people of the

Missions know it, for they are brought face to face with it every day. Perhaps we have people as poor as they, but the surroundings are different, and, in this city, people would not be allowed to live in such filthy dens as those in which they drag out their lives in New York.

And yet, strange as it may seem, these people would not for a moment think of living anywhere else. They love New York, and I sometimes think they love it so well, that they would sooner die than leave it. To go to any place out of town which will take them so far from New York that they cannot get back to it easily, is to them a kind of banishment. They would sooner suffer on in rags and filth and hunger than dwell in plenty somewhere else. A Jersey farmer, who eats three square meals a day, and lives in peace and plenty, is an object of scorn to a Bowery hoodlum. He knows that these people live over there across the water, but that he should ever go there, and live such a peaceful, sluggish life, seems to him impossible. He would miss the noise and bustle of the crowded streets, the nightly rows, the life under the rotten piles of deserted wharves, the daily battle to obtain the bare necessities of life. To him, the peaceful life of a

farmer seems stale, flat and unprofitable, and, although he sometimes longs for a day on the green grass, to taste milk not too strongly flavored with Croton water, to shin up trees beside still waters, he would not, for a moment, think of living in that way right along, and he feels a sort of pity that any man could be found who would be content to waste his life in this way. To the average hoodlum it is joy to go through the constant battle for existence, and to feel, at the same time, that he is one of the great multitude which helps to make New York City what it is, the metropolis of the Western world. In my walks along the Bowery, by night or day, I met many who were born and bred in the city, with hardly rags enough to cover them, perhaps begging pennies to buy a drink, but they were New Yorkers to the heart's core, and were always waiting, like Micawber, for something to turn up. "The world owes me a living, and I'm going to have it," is the constant phrase, but they do not want to earn that living elsewhere. And my constant fear, when I had induced one of them to leave the city, was that, on my rounds a few days later, I would find my man in his old haunts, dirtier than ever, and cheerfully hoping

for the good time coming. They listen patiently to stories of the happy lives of poor men amid rural scenes, but they cannot understand them. How men could consent to live in that way ; to dwell in streets which had trees growing beside them ; in towns where drunkenness and fighting were looked at with horror by the people, was beyond their comprehension. It might be that the man I met was a hunted outcast, with a price upon his head, but that made no difference. A prison in New York, some of them seemed to think, was preferable to a palace in the country, and if they had it given them, I think they would have stripped the palace, and carried its choicest treasures to the pawnbrokers to get the means to lead their old life in the busy streets of New York. Their scorn extends to other great cities as well ; they laugh at Philadelphia, will not hear you talk of London, and Chicago is a by-word and a hiss to them. And for this reason, in our daily rounds, the old faces were constantly coming up, just as ready as ever to take a tract, but more ready for something which will give them a bowl of soup, and keep the wolf away for a day, at least. God pity the poor who dwell in the filthy streets of lower New York !

CHAPTER XXV.

A WORD ABOUT LODGING HOUSES—WHY THEY ARE NECESSARY IN A GREAT CITY.

It might be asked why these lodging houses are permitted in such a city as New York.

To that I answer—"What are you going to do about it? While this drifting population is coming and going, it must have some place to settle, and this refuge the lodging house affords. If the wanderers lie down to rest in one of the parks, they are rooted out by the park policeman, and carted to the station house. If they have money, they are willing to spend it, and their lodgings are according to their means, whether it is seven cents worth of fleas at the lower lodging house strata, or the bloated aristocrat's twenty-five cent bed at the Palma.

Some of the lodging house keepers start out with the praiseworthy design of keeping model houses, but their customers are in so many and varied stages of filth that they soon give up the

attempt in disgust, and drift back into the old way. Many of the owners of these lodging houses are rich, and their fortunes have been picked up, piece by piece, from the dirty hands of the nameless poor. They live easy, comfortable lives, for they know that every night the dollars and dimes are flowing in, and that each succeeding night, perhaps, an entirely new set will come drifting in. If it were possible to purify these places, to provide the honest poor who are obliged to come to them with decent lodgings, it might be said that they were necessary. But the great majority of the owners only seek to get as many dollars as possible at the least possible expense, and that is the reason these places are growing worse year by year.

How is this to be remedied? There you touch a problem which has been the life work of many noble men and women in New York. It is to help unfortunates who find refuge here that such places as the Broome street Tabernacle, the McAuley Mission and kindred institutions, have been established. As the city grows, extending itself through the whole length of Manhattan Island and above it, and the population is pushed across the rivers to find refuge in

Brooklyn, Jersey City, Williamsburg, Hoboken and the dozen or more cities which after all are only outgrowths of New York, still the tide comes flowing in which fills these lodging houses every night. Where they come from, where they go and how they live, is one of the mysteries of the great city which no one has been able to solve. For I must say that while there are always familiar faces on the streets, in the lodging houses, the old faces are constantly changing for new ones. A history of the lives of some of the men who find refuge here would read like romance. I have myself, as noted in preceding chapters, seen there gifted men, who, if they had not wasted their talents might have made their mark in life, living in unheard of degradation, careless of the future, hoping for nothing save the hospital bed when their time came and a grave in Potter's field at last. To meet such men, and think what their lives might have been and how they had wasted their opportunities, is one of the saddest things in the life of a City Missionary. Such cases are generally hopeless. In their sober moments they will talk earnestly of the evil of their lives and tell what brought them to this, but they are men without hope. They will tell you that they

have long ago driven out their good angel and never again hope to hear the flutter of his returning wings. There are hundreds of such cases to be met in the lodging houses and while sometimes we can do them good, as a rule they are hopeless cases, when they have once sunk into the depths of despair. They are generally men who have passed the middle period of life and for them the future has no bright side. Sometimes we have been able to tempt them out of the "Slough of Despond" into which they have fallen, but, as I have said, these are the exceptions and not the rule. With the younger men, who have most of their lives before them, we were more hopeful and had better success, and I am proud to think that to-day there are men leading honest and sober lives in the great city who were saved by my year of work among the lodging houses of the Bowery.

The problem of their redemption will, I hope, be one day worked out. I have faith to believe that the band of workers who give their lives and money to the Missions, must one day meet with success. Not that I believe that the lodging houses will be wiped out. They are among the necessary evils incident to life in great cities, and will stay. But, through the constant work

of the Missions, aided by the city authorities, they may be made decent places in which the wandering poor may find a refuge. I have seen them, even in the year I spent in New York, greatly improved, and certainly it must have been a revelation to them when a band of christian men and women, singing Gospel hymns, entered their portals. The bible has been given a place there, where it never found a place before, and I have faith that the work of the Missions will one day bear fruit. Even the despondent men who had no hope welcomed us when we came and were sorry when we went away. Blear-eyed ruffians ceased to blaspheme and listened with rapt interest while the sweet singers sang the hymns they used to hear, perhaps, when even they were innocent. I have never seen the gathering of men so coarse and brutal that music had not a charm for them and I have faith in the efficacy of song. In all my work, I have found often, that men who could not be touched in any other way have been melted by a song which they had heard in childhood. The work of the Missions will go on in New York. The laborers may change; other hands have already taken up the work where I laid it down, but my work has not been lost.

The seed sown among the dark and dismal regions of the Bowery will one day spring into life and bear glorious fruit. The nightly gatherings at the Tabernacle, the good work in the other Missions, will not end. There are always workers to be found where there are fields for labor and among them all I cannot think of one where work may be better bestowed than on this street where a year of my life was spent. But for the fact that my health gave way among those dismal places and it was plain to me that I could not live in that polluted atmosphere much longer, doubtless I would still be found taking my solitary walks along that crowded thoroughfare and doing what I could for my fellow man. But my work called me away and brought me back to the city of my birth where other work, perhaps more congenial was given me to do, through the kindness of my friends.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FRESH AIR CHILDREN AND THE GRAND WORK OF THE TRIBUNE.

While upon this theme, I should like to say a word for a noble enterprise, with which I have at times been connected in a desultory manner and which is doing much to give the children of the poor of New York a glimpse of true home life, which, without this beneficent scheme, they would never know.

I refer to "The *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund."

It is hardly necessary to say to my readers what this fund is. Every year, through the efforts of that noble newspaper, "The *Tribune*," a large sum is raised and the purpose is to send as many children as possible into the country for a glimpse of home life. They are sent out in charge, generally, of faithful Mission workers and for two weeks at least out of every year they see green trees and foliage and bathe in sunshine which has not to pierce its way through the thick vapor and smoke of a great

city. Scattered through the State are good people who are willing for charity sake, to give these little ones an idea of life in the country. If these good people could go down with me into the places where these children live they would no longer wonder at the mad zest with which they plunge into country life. Real trees, water clear enough to see through, grass high enough to roll in, are wonderful to them. They have not yet become so imbued with the love of their city home that they cannot appreciate such home scenes as these. Even the teachers and Mission people who come with the children draw inspiration from the pure air of the country and enjoy it quite as much as the children. While the fund raised annually by the great daily is quite large, it must be remembered that the field is a vast one. The *Tribune* would like to enlarge it year by year. Great care should be exercised, too, in selecting places in which these little people pass their vacation. I have noted, in a few cases, and I am happy to say in only a few, that the little ones had such an unhappy time that they regretted the dismal streets from which they had been transplanted. This should never be, and city waifs could be trained as Missionaries to teach the hoodlums

of New York that the life of the country is a better and purer life than they could possibly have in crowded cities. It would not be so hard, then, for a Missionary to convince the toughs who hang about the doors of the Bowery lodging houses, that life in the country is desirable. In this view of it, the founders of the *Tribune* fund have perhaps builded better than they knew and the result will be, I hope, that these little ones will go back with such stories of the wonders they have seen, and so full of the love of it, that they will implant in the bosoms of other children the desire to see what they have seen, and they will perhaps drift away from the city and lead better lives in the midst of happier surroundings. It was a good thought, worthy of the heart of Charles Dickens and which he felt when he wrote his Christmas stories, that once a year at least many children of the poor are made unspeakably happy by sights, which, in the nature of things they could hardly hope for otherwise. Once a year at least the trains from New York are loaded down with happy little ones going out into a world which is to them something strange and new. Long life to the *Tribune* and may the "Fresh Air Fund" go on and prosper. The little I can do has been

and will be done to aid in this good work. It is only one out of the many grand, good things which the people of New York have done for the children of the poor. It would not be out of place to say here, perhaps, that it is a grand city, full of noble workers and that they seldom fail to listen to the cry of the needy. It only needs some one to point out to them where they can do good and they are ready to do it. There will always be enough to jog their memories while Dr. Schauffler and his fellow workers and those who will come after them when their work is done, are laboring for Home Missions in the great city of New York. "And the poor we have always with us." And, while this remains a truth, as must be while the world remains, there is always work to do for humanity somewhere. Can there be grander work than to go out among the poor and do them good? The City Missionary does his work with those whom the Priest and the Levite have passed by. They lie suffering by the wayside; they are of no church or creed, perhaps. But they are human beings and they need help. The City Missionary who is born for the work never has a thought of creed or condition. The only thing for him is this thought: "Here is a brother

man who needs my help; what can I do for him?" The question whether he has a faith at all can be postponed at least long enough to look after his bodily wants. Man, in his lower condition can be reached best through his stomach. Give him food and drink. Teach him that he is a man and that no one ever sunk so low that there is no hope for him. Point out to him the path he must tread if he again becomes a decent member of society. But until this is done other work must wait.

The City Missionary must learn, too, how to address an outcast. I have never forgotten the utter failure of my good friend the California divine, who talked superlative goodness to a gang of Albany hoodlums. It will not do; they will not have it. The idioms of the slums, heard every day by the City Missionary, is the sort of food they want at first. After a season of books and teaching they will drop their street slang, perhaps, but there never will come a time when an odd phrase of the old street life will not have a charm for them. I have seen men who laughed at the most eloquent language of a preacher, yield to the homely words of such a man as I. The words of my old friend Mr. Reynolds: "It takes iron to cut iron," I have never

forgotten, and I have proved the truth of it in working many years in the slums of cities. A tough audience, who gape and yawn or grow boisterous under an eloquent discourse, wakes up and gives attention when a man like Jerry McAuley or Ben Hogan hurls hot shot at them. While there is work to do in the darker parts of the great cities; while vice and crime have a place on earth; while we have prisons and criminal classes, men will be needed who can go down among them and say: "I was once your kind of man; brace up; hold the fort!" and my word for it, they will listen to that man.



CHAPTER XXVII.

A LITTLE TALK ON THE POWER OF RUM AMONG THE NEW YORK POOR.

The life I led was a peculiar one, and began to wear upon me, and while my interest in the work was as deep as ever, I found myself looking at my wife and child, and wondering, after all, whether in justice to them I ought to remain longer in the city. I knew well that it was only a question of a short time when I must give it up, whether I liked it or not, for my health was going back on me, who had been accustomed to the bracing breezes which blow across Lake Ontario. I noticed, too, that even the rough men, among whom my work was done, looked askance at me, and seemed to be studying me. I know, now that it is over and I am back among my own people, that six months more of this work would have ended my work on earth. There was malaria in the very air we breathed, down in those dismal

places. Not alone in the lodging houses, but in the tenements which I visited in doing my work, was the seed of disease to be found. Bending over sick beds in hospitals, praying and talking with the sick in the lodgings and tenements, in dark, back courts, where no blade of grass has ever grown, and where a flower is never seen, it is no wonder that I began to fail.

Remembering that season of indecision, I am reminded of the time when I came back from Albany, after that long sickness. Then, as now, I was hungering for the shaded streets of my native town, and sick of the unwholesome scenes in which my life was passed.

Dr. Schauffler and the rest were very kind, and used to give me work to do which would take me, for a time at least, out of the Bowery dens. It was always a pleasure to me when I could get away and look at the river, and see the water which came down, which I knew came from the Northern part of the State, the sweetest place to me in all this broad land. I wanted to get away—to breathe in the strengthening air of the lake region, even if after a little I came back and took up the burden of life again. Yet, in spite of the feeling I had, my work was not neglected, but to the very

last I made my nightly rounds, talking, praying and singing, and doing what I could for the poor fellows who needed help so much.

There are times now when I sit and think of the Broome street Tabernacle, as it appeared every night in the year. I see the great assembly room and the auditorium filled with the motley group of men of all nations, who drift into it, generally for a shelter as much as anything, and to pass away the time. Men from every land under the sun, in every stage of raggedness and filth, dark-visaged Spaniards and brown Portugese, colored boys and girls, stolid Germans, even Chinamen, and, in far greater numbers, the irrepressible sons of the "Gem of the Sea." I spent many happy hours there, for I felt that we were doing them good.

Temperance work is hard to do in a city like New York. Your average New Yorker, whether his estate is high or low, is a born politician. The poorest of them who has a local habitation, has his place in politics. Political bosses are everywhere, and even my lambs in the Bowery were more or less under the control of these bosses. For this reason there were times and seasons when even such men

assumed importance, and were sought after by those who upon any other occasion would have passed them in silent contempt. The managers and clerks of the lodging houses, the owners and janitors of the tenements, and all who have to do with places in which large numbers of men congregate, become important factors. They are furnished with money, and are at liberty to lay it out as they see fit for the "good of the party." These men belong to the numerous local factions, be it "Tammany," the "County Democracy," "Irving Hall," "The Socialists," "The Labor Union," or what not, and the approach of election means unlimited liquor for the time being. Every man who runs a dive has his regular line of customers, and it is his duty and pleasure to keep them in line, and to turn them over upon election day in proper form to do the bidding of his masters, and whiskey is free then.

As a rule, whiskey is hard to get to the poorer men who frequent these places, but they get it, somehow. They were brought to this by drink, and cannot live without it. The very rags they wear, the clothing of their children, the little ornaments which are sometimes left out of the wrecks of their better days, go, one

by one, to satisfy their appetites. But these election days of which I speak are golden days for them, and often I have found the work of weeks upon some promising subject destroyed by the approach of the day when these men have the right to exercise the sacred right of voting. It is sickening to see men who are almost persuaded to turn to the right path led away at the last moment by some rum-soaked scoundrel, who will cast his victims aside the moment they have done his will. Liquor is a power which it is hard to fight, and it has added power for men who can find in it oblivion, for a little while at least, from the wretchedness of their lives.

I have seen, in my year in New York, the power which liquor has over men who lead reckless, idle, dissolute lives under the lamps of the great city. In another chapter, I have noted to what an extent the traffic is carried in the section below Fourteenth street. A modest church, rising in a quiet corner of one of the lower wards, is literally blocked in and surrounded by dens of vice of every kind. Flaring lights and gilded signs invite the unwary to enter. Those who wish to worship must run the gauntlet of these places, no matter what route they may

take. I used to wonder how all these dens made a living, but after I had got well into the swing of City Missionary life down there, I no longer wondered. These poor fellows make these dives their refuge, and are only happy when they have the means to seek oblivion from their sorrows in rum. Yes, hard as it is to fight the liquor traffic anywhere, it is harder still in a great city, where the keepers of the places hold over the unfortunates who frequent them the lash of political power.

It must end sometime. The signs of the times show that the better sentiment against this crying evil is getting stronger day by day. The disposition to wall it in, to label it as something hideous, something to be avoided and ostracised is growing every hour. The time is coming when in spite of the great power which it wields in politics, the trade must go to the wall and this will be done by legislation. How it will be done, I am not prophet enough to say ; that it *will* be done, I am assured. Whether the "Prohibitionist" is right and that the only cure for the evil is to make its manufacture and sale a crime, or whether "High License" will be the factor which will drive it out of existence, I do not know. But I am sure that the grow-

ing sentiment which so condemns it, the widows and orphans it makes daily, the tears of trampled children and suffering wives and mothers must in His good time work out the destruction of the accursed traffic. I can say for myself that in all my experience nine-tenths of the crime which I have seen could be attributed directly to the curse of drink. Feeling this to be true, I am not very particular as to the means used to destroy the power of rum. The only thing which I am anxious for is to see the end come, and to see it come as speedily as possible. I believe that the sad lives of thousands in the dark places of the earth will be brighter and better when it is out of the power of men, sitting behind their spider webs of bars, with cut glass and colored lights around them, enticing them to their ruin, have seen relegated to the darkness out of which they were evolved. The story of one man who has come up for aid and sympathy to the good people who run the City Missions is not his story alone, but the story of more than one poor fellow who has not the moral strength to resist temptation and has gone down step by step until the darkness of the streets and the dirt and filth and crime of the poverty stricken streets of the great city

have swallowed him up and dragged him down nearly out of sight. May the time be hastened when the honest man can walk the street fearlessly and these dens no longer exist to lead him from the right path.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

DOWN AMONG THE CHINESE AND ITALIANS—CLOSE OF MY
WORK IN NEW YORK.

A part of my work was to distribute tracts and I gave them out by thousands. They were supplied by the Missions, but I always picked them out myself. I had noticed that strictly religious tracts did not suit my clients and they soon dropped them. I used my own judgment and the tracts I selected were all readable and I found that the people I gave them to did not throw them away. After I had been nine months among them I was treated with respect by the roughest of them, and it was a common practice for rough fellows to stop the mouths of new comers who did not know me and were inclined to interfere with me with a: "Shut up; what are you giving us; why don't you let de man talk?" In these places I picked up any amount of country boys who had come to see the world, but had come down to seeing it

through the smoke-begrimed windows of lodging houses. To these country lads my advice was always the same—to get honest work as soon as they could until they earned enough to take them back and then get out of this Sodom. It was no place for them. Two weeks in one of these lodging houses would utterly ruin one of these innocent youths.

The clerks lead peculiar lives. They are selected for several qualities, and are expected to be muscular and ready to fight at the drop of a hat. Some nights when entering these houses I would see a ragged lodger come flying down the stairs, propelled by all the force of the clerk's muscular arm or foot. It was some unfortunate who either could not or would not pay, or who had been cheeky and "sassed" the clerk, or kicked up a muss. Half-way measures will not do with these gentry. The clerk who is not prompt to take his own part and to maintain the dignity of his position at all hazards, is a lost man, and of no use in a lodging house. They must run saucy lodgers out or be run out themselves.

During the winter I used to give lodgings to from five to seven persons every night, but I warned them before hand not to try the relig-

ious dodge on me. To the man who came up honestly and said he wanted a ticket because he could not pay for his lodging, I was always kind, but I despised the men who came to me whining. They liked me all the better because I would not stand hypocritical protestations. Once in a while I would drop in unobserved where a crowd of these men were talking and occasionally I would overhear them making an agreement to put up a job on the Missions. These chaps herd together and give one another points on the Missions they can work best. Every hand which goes up for prayers in the churches below Fourteenth street does not rise impelled by an honest purpose, and no one knew this better than I did, or took greater delight in check-mating the scoundrels.

I used to get these fellows jobs occasionally to see if anything could be made out of them, but the longest they ever worked was two or three days—and they had been literally begging for employment and hoping all the time they would not find it! I did find one fellow who worked in a restaurant for ten days, but he was an exception. Sometimes we made sandwich advertisements of them, but they would not stand it long.

Dr. Schauffler used to get complaints of certain grievances and would send me out to investigate. Somebody told him that the market men who used to come in from the country to the New Washington Market, slept in their wagons and ought to be invited into the Missions and I spent one night in that locality. I don't think I ever saw so many fights in the same time before. It was a queer sight and interested me, but I soon found that the farmers knew how to take care of themselves. The wagons commenced to roll in, laden with produce, as early as eleven o'clock and continued all through the night up to 3:30 A. M. They knew that unless their wagons were watched they would be short of produce and employed thirty watchmen to patrol among the wagons and see that their goods were protected. The farmers themselves paid these watchmen. I found nothing immoral there; the fights arose mainly from attempts of the hoodlums to get into the wagons and the watchmen doing their best to prevent them. There was no need of a Mission, as the owners of the wagons took lodgings close by and slept until the market was opened in the morning. Occasionally we would get a report that some immoral show was in

progress and I would be sent to investigate, but I generally found them snides, advertising in flaming style to catch evil-minded youth, but showing them nothing particularly immoral when they got there. Such a snide was the "Great Garden of Eden." It was too tame to live long and came to an inglorious end. Silly people paid their money to look through a hole in a board and see pictures, supposed to be immoral, but which were only cheap stereopticon views and nothing of the flash nature about them. That was not the kind of food the patrons were looking for, and the show did not last long.

The Florence Mission is a refuge for girls and has been made a splendid success. It is under the management of Mr. Crittenden. I went there once and gave the inmates a talk, which was well received. Coming back from this Mission at night, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Mulberry, I was accosted by women of the town by the familiar title of "Johnny." I talked with them a while and then told them that I would give them something to remember me by, and handed them some tracts which had my name on them, and passed on. When I looked back they were under a lamp post look-

ing over the tracts and laughing in the most uproarious manner, at the idea of tackling a City Missionary.

I often visited the markets and talked to the men and down among the docks, but could not see much that could be done there. I had tracts printed in different languages and used to distribute them to the Italians and other foreigners. Sometimes I went down into Mott street, among the Chinamen, and was very much amused at the antics of this peculiar people. The Celestials, as a rule, do not speak much English and I was not versed in the "Pidgin" dialect and did not make much headway with them. A few of the Chinamen could talk English, but not many of them could read anything except their own language. They seemed to be much puzzled to find out what my Mission was and it was only through the interpreters that I could get them to understand what I was there for.

Among the Italians who inhabit the lower end of Mulberry street I had better success, as I had tracts printed in their language and some of them were educated enough to read to their fellow workmen.

It is a queer life that men lead down among the lower streets of New York, below Fourteenth

street. All tribes and nations congregate there, Jew and Gentile, Chinamen, Hungarians, Russians, Polanders; men of all creeds, even to Hindoos; a motley group, and of a kind to keep a Missionary busy. How some of them live is the problem of the age. Perhaps the best example of the degradation there, is given in the fact that in the space from the Battery to Fourteenth street, comprising seventeen wards, there are, in round numbers, 440,000 inhabitants, and to furnish religious food for this great mass of human beings there are only 106 churches and chapels, an average of about one church to 4,500 inhabitants. Think of that! Here in Oswego, with a population of 25,000 are eighteen churches, or one to every 1,400, and Oswego is not as well provided with churches as many places of its size. When we consider, with these advantages, how many in Oswego never see the inside of a church from one year's end to another, how must it be with the people in the Southern end of Manhattan Island. The 5th ward, with 15,000 inhabitants, has two churches; the 10th ward, with 47,554, has five churches; the 14th ward, with over 30,000 inhabitants, two churches; the 7th ward, with 50,000 inhabitants, five churches. Is it

wonderful, then, that the Missionary finds so much to do in this section?

I worked hard, for my heart was in the work. But such labor tells upon the human frame. Tramping here and there, at all times of the day or night, breathing an infected atmosphere, in the midst of squalor and filth unequaled by anything I had ever met, it is no wonder that my health gave way. My little girl, too, was pining for the green fields and shaded streets to which she had been accustomed, and my wife, though she did not complain, was longing for her old home, and my year of service was ended. Under these conditions, knowing that my work was well done, and that I had paved the way for other laborers in the same fields and made the work easier for them, I determined to resign. My friends in Oswego, who had never forgotten me, were pressing me to return, and take up my old labor, and I made up my mind to go. Dr. Schaufler spoke well of my efforts, and offered to increase my pay if I would remain. During the time I had worked for the Master in that field, I had labored hard. In reality, after the first three months, the battle was won; and I never cared, when I had won a victory, to

camp on the field. During that time 483 persons had signed the pledge, and the way was paved for others. I took the new Missionary in hand and introduced him to the work, and held a number of meetings to break him in and show him my methods, and then, on November 5th, 1888, I returned to Oswego and took up my old duties where I laid them down.

Dr. Schaufler, in the *Monthly*, said :

“Mr. Lee, who for the past year has done such good service in the work among the lodging houses in the Bowery, is to leave us to return to his home in the Northern part of the State. We part with him with genuine regret, for he has proved himself a devoted and successful worker in the field where he has been placed. He leaves many friends behind him, some of whom, in one of the lodging houses, signed a paper testifying to the good work he had done among the men who frequent that part of the city.”

Dr. Schaufler also gave me a kind letter, testifying to the value of my work and his faith in me, and in this, other clergymen with whom I had labored, heartily joined, especially Rev. John Dooley, of the Broome street Tabernacle.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MISSION WORK, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE.

Oswego is a small city, but there is work for a City Missionary here. While not a hot-bed of vice, there is work enough to do. I have had few idle hours since I first took upon myself the labors of a City Missionary. While the work is not, perhaps, as difficult to do as at first, it is no sinecure, or, to use a more homely phrase, "no picnic." When the work was first begun there was no system. I worked here and there, wherever there seemed to be labor for me to do. But I have to say that no man has been better supported in his work than I have been in Oswego. Even those who, from the nature of their business, have been antagonistic to me, have recognized and acknowledged the fact that I was sincere, and, if I fought them, I fought them openly and fairly. In my temperance work I have made enemies,

perhaps, but there never was a time when I feared to walk into any of their places in the exercise of my vocation. The field is yet ripe for labor, and I have the support of every man who has an interest in the welfare of humanity. Of late, the attention of some of our best people has been turned to the formation of two kindred societies, which will be the means of doing much good. I refer to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the twin Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. These societies are working under a wise law, framed for the good of helpless children and dumb animals. A number of our leading citizens interested themselves in the formation of these societies in Oswego, and Mr. T. Morris Perot, of Philadelphia, who has business interests here, was induced to act as president. The board embraces many well-known names, and every one among them is deeply interested in the work.

It was so much in line with my other duties that I was naturally selected to do the actual labor, and although I might have known it from what I observed in my work heretofore, I found that I had no idea of the real necessity, especially of the children's society. Scarcely a

day passes when some complaint does not reach me of a father who neglects his children and leaves them to suffer. Quite as often, I am sorry to say, I hear of mothers who neglect their children generally for the same cause, the love of liquor. During the short time these societies have been organized I have found much work to do and that work seems to increase. As the good people of the city begin to realize the objects of the society they report to me cases which they think need investigation. Often all that is required is simply to call the attention of these people to the fact that the society is interesting itself in their affairs. In other cases people who do not understand the actual powers of an agent of this society are apt to be defiant, but as a rule a little law upon the subject has a salutary effect. Already, through the influence of this society, children who have been allowed to run about the streets are in school and doing well. In several cases, where the parents are unable to care for them, places have been found for the children or they have been placed in the Orphan Asylum until some other disposition can be made of them. The work of the society is grand and it can be made to produce the best results. Already many who

did not understand its object have seen its good work and are ready to aid its purposes in every way. The Oswego branch, of course, has only its local work to do, but it is a part of a great society which extends all through the United States and will be of incalculable benefit to humanity. The longer it exists the more work there seems for it to do and there is not a doubt that these two Oswego societies may be of great benefit. In the hands of the members of the society it can be nothing else.

There is work enough to keep a man from rusting in this good city of Oswego; there always will be while men remain what they are, and humanity has its failings. But it seems to me that there can be no grander work than that which can be done for the little children, who are not strong enough to defend themselves. Only good hearts could have conceived the idea; only willing hands can carry it out. They must be content to work, hoping for the good time coming when peace shall reign, and only the love of man for his fellow-man shall have sway.

You may search the city over, make inquiries where you will, gather all the statistics you like, and you will seldom find the record of a man who is cruel to his children except for

one cause. In eighty cases out of a hundred, it is caused by the love of liquor. In the other isolated cases, other influences may have been at work; jealousy, love of money, fear that the children will use up his dearly-loved hoard. Any of these causes may have brought this result. When it is a mother who neglects her children, you can trace it directly to liquor. The good people of Oswego who are now interesting themselves in the welfare of children, never knew, until they took up this work, how much liquor can debase a woman, and, surely, it is the only thing which can cause her to abuse her own children. Tramping up and down all these years, I have had the fortune to meet with a few such women, but this I will say, when the liquor is out of them, their first thought is the disgrace which they have brought upon their children, and when every other argument fails, it is generally safe to say that the mention of their little ones will reduce the toughest of them to tears.

A part of my work, and one in which I take the deepest interest, is my daily visitation to the city lock-up. It is a strange thing when the cells are entirely without tenants. Public intoxication, of course, takes the leading place,

and all sorts of people, for one cause or another, find a temporary refuge behind the prison bars. Sometimes I look in on such a man as Bill R——, the greater portion of whose life has been spent behind the bars. And yet, this man never committed what might be called a crime ; and yet he has lived what would be almost an ordinary lifetime in jails and penitentiaries, until the committing magistrates have got tired of sending him there, and regularly commit him to the poor-house as a vagrant. Seventy years have passed over his head, and a promising manhood has been lost in a degraded old age, because this man loved liquor better than he loved his own self-esteem.



CHAPTER XXX.

A FEW LAST THOUGHTS ON THE WORK IN WHICH I AM ENGAGED.

It has often been said that prisoners are too well treated ; that the good people of the city put a premium on crime by carrying good things to men in prison and by feeding them with turkey upon Thanksgiving day.

I plead guilty to being one of those who believe that a prisoner, though perhaps guilty, is yet a man.

I know, better than those who have not lived my life, that men of naturally good impulses are sometimes led into crime and once in it find it hard to plant their feet again upon the right path.

I am the last man to appear as the apologist of crime. Wrong is wrong, and the man who has sinned against the law must pay the penalty. I know now that the punishment I received in my early days was generally well de-

served, and I have no right to speak evil of the law under which I suffered. But I believe still that a very young man who has from one cause or another found a place within prison walls, is capable of reformation and that the worst of them is not insensible to kindness. For the old toughs and rounders to whom prison life is no novelty, and who go to prison because they like it, and it gives them a shelter from the cold, fairly good food, and hours of idleness, I have little sympathy. They do not need it or care for it. But these men are known and even to a stranger their faces are like open books. And while we may feel sorrow that men could so debase themselves, there is no hope of their reformation. It would be labor lost to convince "Senator John Welsh" that he was wrong to drink liquor and get into jail. He would agree with you promptly, tell you that there is a conspiracy against him, and in the dead watches of the silent night make the City Hall ring with bursts of eloquence, and try to prove to the Captain of the night watch that the Recorder was only happy when he was writing "ninety days" opposite his name on the police court docket. No, such men are past reform. But, when I step into the lock-up, and see a young,

beardless face pressed against the bars, I feel my heart stirred within me, for I always think of my own youth and what might have been done with me had a helping hand been stretched out to me when I first started wrong.

Other men say : "These prisoners are sly ; all they want to get out of you is a warm meal or something to help while away the hours in jail. They are playing you."

It may be so. I am not one of those to say that I never was deceived in a man. There are such creatures as natural criminals, young men who seem to have been born to evil. I have met many such men in my time and have labored with them long before I was able to understand the full depth of evil in their natures, and that my time had been wasted. But do you tell me that because this is true and I have failed to do this man good that I must give up the work to which I have devoted my life ? I tell you, no ! If out of the many with whom I converse daily I now and then start one on the right path, it repays me for much useless labor. And when men laugh at my work, as they sometimes do, although as a rule I have only kindness and assistance, I tell them that not one rebuff or many will turn me from my chosen path. And

if I make a mistake, as I often do, and give aid to an unworthy object, it does not change my plan. For it is better to give aid to an unworthy man, than to suffer one man who needs my help to go on without the assistance which he really needs. The criminal classes are bad, but can they not be made better ?

I hold meetings in the county jail and sometimes gentlemen who really mean well ask me : “Do you think that you can make any impression upon that gang of ruffians in jail ? Is it not wasted labor to go there and talk to them ?”

I deny this. There is no seed of good cast upon the soil which is utterly wasted. There is no heart so evil, I shall always believe, that it has no touch of humanity in it. The most morose and sinful men are often softened by a word spoken in season. And I appeal to all christian men and women whether it is better to spend the Lord’s day in idleness in the county jail, or to spend a portion of it listening to sacred songs, to a few earnest words from earnest men. It is not often, I grant you, that conversions take place in jail, but more frequently than you or I can know the words fitly spoken become the means of good.

Others say to me : “You are making a

crusade against the liquor traffic and go out to pick up evidence against men for violations of the excise law. Why make these men your enemies?"

My answer to this is, that I do no work against men who are lawfully engaged in the sale of liquor. While I condemn the practice and think that it is wrong and the world would be better without its use, I bow to the law of the land which permits the sale of liquor under certain conditions. I believe the law should not permit the sale, but it does and for that I am not responsible. But I insist that if this traffic must go on, it must be within the law and as far as I am able, in my parish, I will see to it that the law is enforced. These men do not respect me the less because I am earnest in this work. They throw every possible obstruction in my way and make my work as hard as possible, but they are open enemies and fight me fairly, as I do them.

The sale of liquor in Oswego has been much restricted of late, and the number of saloons has been cut down, but there is still much work to do. There are some who deal in it who ought not to be allowed to sell it under any circumstances, but the high-license system has dis-

posed of many of these places, and I look for even better results in the coming year.

In this work of mine in my native town I have had good help. Every church has been ready to lend a helping hand, and the good work has been pushed forward. I have had good help, too, from men who are not of the churches, but who love to do good to suffering humanity. The members of the Ministerium have been most kind and helpful, and for any measure of success which I may have had, I am largely indebted to them. It is a great parish, and there is much work to do. A single man, unaided, however earnest and zealous he may be, could not hope to work the field alone. Help comes to me at times from unexpected sources, and cheers me on my way, and I am under the deepest obligations to every one who has in any way aided me in the work which I have to do.

I hope for great results from these new societies which have of late been started in Oswego. The Y. M. C. A. is a new power, and starts out under the most favorable auspices, officered by the best young men of our churches, and splendidly equipped to do good work. It has a noble hall, fitted up with everything to

make it attractive to young men, and I am glad to see that they are disposed to take advantage of it as far as possible. It has a wide field in which to labor, and must be a source of good.

I have spoken at some length already of the two humane societies of which I am superintendent and which also takes in many of those interested in the Y. M. C. A. It has a wider scope and takes in all who are interested in the cause of humanity and is receiving excellent support from our citizens. In my humble way, I will do what I can to aid in the work.

This book has nearly reached its end and I have laid my life bare before my readers. I have thought that the history of such a life as mine might well be useful as a lesson to others who might be led into the same paths. I have kept nothing covered but have aimed, as far as I could, to give you a truthful history of my career; to gloss over nothing and to show you how a man may do something for humanity who has not had the advantages of education to help him on the way. But this I will say, that whatever I have done since my feet pressed the streets of Albany, has been with the fixed purpose to be of some little use to my fellow man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OTHER PHASES OF MISSIONARY LABOR—THE QUESTION OF
TEMPERANCE DISCUSSED.

In the time that I have been engaged in this work, I have met with many odd people, and had queer experiences. One who spends so much of his time in talking to men who have been conquered by the drink habit, must have them. It is one of the saddest sights on earth to me to see a man who has utterly lost control of his appetite, and who has reached such a state that it is impossible, apparently, for him to reform. But he deceives himself; the habit can be overcome, but it needs more will power in some persons than in others.

Knowing that I have made this my mission, people got in the habit of coming to me when they had a subject over whom they had lost all control. I do not get discouraged easily, but now and then I have tackled subjects who proved too much for me. The man who gets

to drinking is generally one of the brightest and best. It is not the morose, selfish, solitary man who is apt to be carried away with the love of liquor. No, it is the bright, versatile man, the one who delights in a jolly song, who can knock off a good story or make a rattling speech—the man who is a general favorite—who is apt to fall in this way. I have met many of this class in my time, men of undoubted talent, grand men, but for their love of liquor, who had gone down into the lowest depths of degradation, and who were brought there because their associates loved to see them at their best, and they were only at their best to these convivial souls when they had drink aboard. The men who, in a *friendly* spirit, tempt these men to drink, because they like to see them sparkling and brilliant, are the ones who have the most to answer for. Hard-headed drinkers, upon whom liquor has little effect, cannot realize the harm they are doing when they force another drink upon the man who should not, for his soul's sake, touch a drop of the seductive fluid. I have seen so much of this that it makes me wild when I see a man of talent surrounded by so-called friends, who fill his glass for him, and urge him to take one more drink,

and to wake up and be somebody. A true friend might better put a knife to the throat of some men than to offer them a drink. It is the first glass which does the business. And right here I want to say that there is only one way to get rid of the drink habit, and that is to drop it entirely. Shun the places where liquor is sold. Refuse to fellowship with men who have tempted you once, for they may do it again. Do not subscribe to the foolish idea of "tapering off" gradually, for it will not do.

I meet men now and then who can smile at the antics of a poor man under the influence of liquor. It is true, that many of those who come into police court are irresistible, and it is almost impossible to repress a laugh, but sober second thought comes to a temperance man and all the laugh goes out of him as he thinks what this man might be without the curse of rum. Take up the police docket and read it over and you will find that the same names run through it, the same men and women brought up time after time on the same charge. If a name disappears one of two things is certain ; either that man or woman has destroyed himself or herself by drinking, has found a home in prison, an almshouse, or rest in the grave, or has been able to

conquer the drink habit and once more take a place of trust and honor among good citizens.

There are noble temperance societies at work night and day, in this city and elsewhere, working for the good of man. Foremost among them stands the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," a grand association of noble ladies, which now numbers 100,000 in the United States. Their mission is undying enmity to the power of rum and no association of men has done more noble service. As woman has suffered most from the curse of rum, so is she better equipped to fight the demon which has caused her all this sorrow. Wives have seen their husbands go down to drunkards' graves, leaving them alone or perhaps with little children, to fight the battle of life. Mothers have seen brave sons grow up at their knees, go out into the world and fall under the same evil influence; sisters have seen brothers who kneeled with them beside the same mother become depraved and vicious through the same means. The tears and prayers of this army of suffering women has caused the growth of the W. C. T. U. It is growing stronger day by day and is becoming a mighty power in the land, and the earnestness of its members must continue to bring good results. Women of cul-

ture all over this broad land are giving their lives to the cause and their efforts cannot be in vain. In every town and city of the land branches are springing up and reaching out to gather in the lost who would perish without their aid. Woman has a power which is not given to man and I have noted that in the temperance work here, as in New York, some of the most successful laborers were the ladies. And many a man who had resisted fiercely all efforts of the Missions to reclaim him, has faltered in his evil course at the sound of a woman's gentle voice and yielded to the kindly impulse of a woman's hand. The mighty work of the "Temperance Union" is only begun and where it will end no man can tell.

The Catholic clergy, too, is awake to the cause of temperance and great good is being done by them. In no way have more beneficent results been reached than in the Priories of such churches as St. Pauls. Into this priory are gathered the men of the parish and there they are taught lessons of temperance which are working out grand results. There is no more faithful temperance worker anywhere than Father Barry, who has for so many years presided over St. Pauls. He has built up a great

school, where several hundred students are constantly in attendance and temperance is a topic which is never neglected. Men who differ with Father Barry in other ways give him the credit of being a faithful worker and a man profoundly interested in the welfare of his people. In the other churches kindred societies are springing up and all these are working together for good.

The different local societies are at work. The "Good Templars" are gathering in the young and setting their feet on the right path. I observe that all through the country the lodges are growing and adding to their numbers. The good old society of "Sons of Temperance" still goes on, endeavoring to gather into its fold more and more lost men, and help them back over the rough path they have been traveling. There was never greater need of labor than now. May the work of temperance go on and prosper.

I am trying to keep in line with the age of progress. Here in Oswego there is not quite so much to contend with as in New York, but there is enough. There are sights enough to make the heart ache, even in our own beloved city.

There is another evil of which I would speak, and which is associated hand in hand with the

vice of drink. I refer to gambling. There is something so strangely seductive in a game of chance that it is no wonder that the young are captivated by it. The liquor business and gambling seem to work in unison and certainly not for good. I have never turned my attention to this evil much, but a man who travels about the town as I do night and day cannot help seeing that the vice is on the increase. I object to the formation of clubs of young men, because the tendency in them is to drift into gambling. Athletic clubs are good when athletics pure and simple are followed. But, when the club is allowed to degenerate into a prize fighting arena, the good looked for is lost. Boating clubs, which call for the exercise of all the muscles of the body are good. Yachting is a noble amusement and is doing much to teach our young men to be self-helpful and nerry in time of danger, but the so-called social clubs, as a rule, do not help a young man much. I have noticed of late that the attention of the police authorities is being called to gambling and they cannot get to work too soon, for every night large amounts of money are dropped at the various games now running in this city.

Faithful effort can do much, and I am con-

fidant that the splendid influences now operating in Oswego must bring grand results. I have pointed out what some of these influences are, and the sort of men who control them. The Y. M. C. A. is reaching out and taking into its arms young men, not of the churches, but of good habits, who only need a little help to start right. The young man coming in from the country, to make a place for himself in the world, finds many lions in the path. To such a young man the Y. M. C. A. is a haven of refuge. He enters its doors to find himself among friends. Here he has amusement, and he looks for that in the conversation of the members. If he has a taste for athletics, he can exercise it. If of literary tastes, there is no better place in which to pursue his studies. The Y. M. C. A. has a mission to look after those who, but for its aid, might become lost sheep indeed. From the associate membership of the society it is but a short step to the churches, and few of those who test the qualities of the association stop short of that.

There is labor enough to do for humanity, if we have the will to do it, here in Oswego. If we are earnest, if we mean to do good work, clean work, and work which the Master can ap-

prove, it is ready for our hands. To a man who has spent a year in the slums of the great city as I have done, who has performed the same labor at the State Capital, such work as I have here is refreshing. Not that I do not meet with much that makes the heart sick, but with such support as is accorded me here, I am confident that the field will be well tilled.

As for the jail visitations, which form part of the labors of the City Missionary, and which can hardly be well done by those who are not accustomed to that field, it must not and will not be neglected. The young ladies and gentlemen who visit the County Jail with me on Sunday afternoons, grow to like the meetings, for they feel that they are doing the prisoners good. All are not criminals who find a brief shelter there, and some of them can be reclaimed. Now and again I meet one of the sort who only looks for the Missionary because he brings him books and papers, and who listens to the sermon and the hymns because they help to while away a long day; and while the services are going on he can be out from behind the bars; but, even if that be true, and the words of faith have no other effect on them, the time they give to it is well spent. And, now

and then, among these listeners who look up at the speaker, are young boys, just starting out in evil, and they may be saved. No, the work done in the prisons is not, and cannot be lost.

At stated periods I visit the alms house and sometimes speak to the poor people there. And while upon this subject, I might speak of the dread which old people, and especially "Old Country" people, have of the alms house. I believe that some of them would sooner die than go there. They think that the alms house is a place where old people drag out the remnant of their lives, half fed, miserably clothed and insufficiently warmed as is the case too often in the parish poor houses of the old world. They do not know that the wards of the city here are better cared for than most of the poor, who depend upon their own exertions, can be. They have to be dragged there, almost, but when they once come to understand it, the wonder is that the place is sufficient for the needs of the city. But, it speaks well for the honest poor of our city that while they can labor and support themselves they do it and fight off the poor house to the last, even when they know that their last hours in the institution will be peaceful and quiet. The "State Charities and Aid

Association," which also has a branch in Oswego, keeps watchful care of this institution and does much to make it what it should be to the decrepit men and women, who are forced to find refuge here at last, a peaceful and pleasant retreat. A strange feeling comes over me when I speak to these poor people, and they always welcome me gladly.

A part of my work is to receive from charitable people gifts of clothing, food, books and other articles, and distribute them among the worthy poor. I receive wanderers, who for any cause are stranded in our city, hear their stories, and if I think them worthy, give them aid. Too many of them are tramps, who live upon what they can pick up from charitable people, but such people are generally quickly disposed of by the offer to get them work. That is not what they are looking for and they tramp quickly on their way. I meet men who wish to sign the pledge, and do what I can to aid them. There are many things a City Missionary can do, and if he is faithful they will keep him busy. If his judgment is good and he has the happy faculty of knowing how to separate the chaff from the wheat as they pass before him his work is well done. If I am sometimes deceived

and find that a dead-beat has got away with something which he did not deserve, I console myself with the thought that the next one will be worthy, and in that hope am contented with my work.



CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BENEDICTION OF THE OUTCASTS—A FEW WORDS OF
FAREWELL.

I cannot close this volume without speaking of the good friends who have assisted me in my work for God and temperance. My work in the Bowery done, I carried with me two documents which I shall always treasure. The first is given below :

NEW YORK CITY MISSION, }
No. 56 Bible House. }

Founded 1827, Organized and Incorporated 1886. M. K. Jesup, President; A. F. Schauffler, Vice-President; C. A. Andrews, Treasurer.

Nov. 2, 1888.

Mr. Edward Lee has worked for a year in connection with the New York City Missions, as a visitor to the lodging houses on the Bowery, and helper in the Broome street Tabernacle. He has done his work very well and we are more than sorry to part with him, for the success of his labors has been larger than I dared to hope when he first entered the difficult field where he has been for a year. His tact, his earnestness and his piety have endeared him to us all, and as

he goes from us we wish him God-speed in any work to which the Master may call him.

A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

To this I may add, personally, that Mr. Lee is a most genial man to work with and that I am sorry to lose him from this city as a friend.

A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

I fully endorse the above and personally regret Mr. Lee's departure from the work of the Broome street Tabernacle.

JOHN DOOLEY,

Pastor in charge of the Tabernacle.

The following testimonial, which I received before my departure, I prize highly as it comes from one of the lodging houses in which I labored for a year.

SALEM HOUSE, 183 Bowery.

Oct. 28, 1888.

Testimonial letter to Mr. Edward Lee, Missionary to the Lodging Houses of New York City.

DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned lodgers of Salem House, learn with regret that our dear friend Mr. Lee is about to leave us, whom we have learned to respect and love for the encouraging words to give up intoxicating drinks and to lead us to a better and higher life. We sincerely hope he will be instrumental in reclaiming thousands who may be ready to perish that may yet live to call him blessed when he shall have finished his labors here below. He will receive from the Master the "Well done, good and faithful servant, inasmuch as you have been instrumental in giving but a cup of

cold water to these my weak ones, ye have done it unto me."

Signed by the Lodgers

THEODORE McVEAGH,	JOHN HARDY,
B. F. GREENE,	WM. CLARKE,
H. SHERIDAN,	McGRATH & BROTHER,
T. DAWSON,	JNO. S. CHILES,
THOMAS CHEERERS,	F. E. BRIGGS,
FRANK McSHERRY,	P. SHEADY,
JOHN KEHOE,	WM. TILLY,

And fifty others.

J. GLOVER, Superintendent.

In my own home, Oswego, when I speak of the many who have comforted me in times of trouble and given me help in time of need, I find it difficult to speak of any without doing injustice to many. Yet there are some of whom I first speak. There is one man, Mr. O. M. Bond, who has been my friend from the moment I reformed and came back to Oswego. He knew me in my wild days and I remember speaking to a large audience in D. L. & W. Hall on my return and telling them that in those days Mr. Bond would have called for the police if he had seen me within six blocks of his house. But he believed now I was in earnest and now he was my friend. In the same measure I feel gratitude to his amiable wife. They gave me a home and made me feel at home and no son could

have been more kindly treated. When they had abundance of this worlds goods they gave it freely and none could have been more liberal or kind. I will never forget them or cease to be grateful. I left their house when I went to be married and in this connection I may speak of this important change in my life. I was married to Miss Ella M. Sever, at Wolcott, N. Y., September 5, 1883. The people of Oswego would not have known it so soon, but some one caught me buying white gloves at Massey & DeForests.

I wish to speak also of Hon. George B. Sloan and his family ; Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Irwin ; Swits Conde and family ; Messrs. Thomson Kingsford and T. P. Kingsford and their families ; R. J. Oliphant, Hon. H. D. McCaffrey ; Judge Churchill and family, and a host of others who have been kind to me. The newspapers of every city in which I have labored have always aided me in the most effectual manner. The daily press can make or mar a man, and I have only feelings of the deepest gratitude to the editors and publishers of papers all over the State. They were the first to recognize the fact that I was in earnest and from that time I had their active assistance in the work I was doing.

The story of my life ends here with the names of those who have been so kind to me in the years of my labor.

I went out into the world alone and faced a new life. I did not go out boasting what I would do, but full of an earnest purpose to do what I could. Whether the work has been good, I leave to those who know me to decide. It was not easy for one situated as I was to throw off in a moment all the associations which had dragged me down and start out upon a new and untried road. To the fact that early in my career, I met with a man whose counsel and assistance and that of his good wife, sustained me in my first work, I ascribe much of the result. The work I marked out for myself seemed to me my especial vocation, and all untrained as I was I took it up and carried it so far on the road. I have never had a thought of turning back or falling into the old mode of life. And because I have done this, I believe that there are many more, who, if they would make the same effort, with the same determination to do right, would find as good friends as I did and meet with perhaps a greater measure of success.

My work will not be in vain if, after reading this book, some one may decide that in the story

of my life they may find a profitable lesson, one which will do them good and make them better. I might linger on the page in my desire to add something to my expression of gratitude to the dear friends, both here and abroad, who have never forgotten me and have always been ready to stretch out kindly hands to me when I needed sympathy and help. But if I have not conveyed to them all that I feel for them, in the pages of this volume, it has been through no fault of mine.

The work is still before us. As I look along the road, new thoughts arise in me, thoughts of the things I might have done and failed ; of the things which may be done still, while I have strength to labor. In this great changing world there is always something which the hand may find to do, if the heart directs the hand aright. It is my hope and prayer that in the time that is before me, be it long or short, there is still something which even I can do for the Brotherhood of Man.







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